

Vol. 6 , No. 117

Greensburg, Indiana

January 1989

OCCASION: Twenty-ninth Annual  
Dinner Meeting of the  
Historical Society of  
Decatur County.

PLACE: Greensburg Presbyterian  
Church, NE Corner of  
the Courthouse Square.

DATE: January 28, 1989, 6:30 PM

DINNER: By the Ladies of the  
church. The dinner is  
\$5.00 each. Please  
reserve by check. Send  
it to the Treasurer,  
Maurice Keith, RR # 1  
Greensburg, Indiana.  
The deadline is the  
evening of Jan. 25th.

PROGRAM: "THE SHAKERS OF PLEASANT  
HILL" is the title of the talk,  
which Mr. Jim Biddle will present  
to the members of the Society at  
the coming annual meeting. Mr.  
Biddle is a relatively new, but  
quite interested member of the  
group. He is the trust officer  
at the Union Trust Bank, and  
has belonged to several historical  
societies during his moves about  
the country. He is very pro-  
fessional in his presentation.  
You must not miss this program, it  
will be more than worth your time  
and effort.

#### MEMORIALS

By Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Loyd in  
memory of their brother and sisters.

FALL MEETING was to have been an  
Old Fashioned carry in Dinner.  
Due to a mix up in reservations,  
there ended up being no place to  
carry in. All was cancelled at  
the last minute. We hope you did  
not end with nothing to eat that  
evening.

NEW WRINKLE will be tried the  
4th Wednesday in February  
which will be February 22nd.  
1989. The Society will have  
a pitch-in supper, 6:30PM at  
the R.E.M.C Hall. The pur-  
pose of this get together is  
for the members to become  
better acquainted, and for  
all to present their ideas as  
to the direction the Histori-  
cal Society should take in  
the coming years. The Direc-  
tors are anxious to hear  
your suggestions for the  
betterment of the organization.  
If you cannot cook, which is  
among the failings of yours  
truly, come anyway, the dir-  
ectors guaranty you a full  
plate. Also, if you don't  
like to drive at night, call  
a director, anyone of which  
is more than willing to give  
you a lift. One officer says  
this will be a "chew the fat"  
evening, so you don't want  
to miss it.

\$     \$     \$     \$     \$     \$     \$

#### A WIFE WANTED

By a modest young gentleman of  
good character. The advertizer  
is not yet 25 years old, flat-  
ters himself that he is not bad  
looking, in height about 5'10"  
rather light complected-dark  
hair, but not black. The lady  
must be handsome with dark hair,  
some "moral character" would  
be no back set. Address Q.K.X.  
Box 25, Greensburg, Ind. Care  
of Dec. Rep.

P.S. No application will be  
received after the expiration  
of two weeks. Dec. Rep. Feb. 2,  
1857.

WHO REMEMBERS \*\*\*

When there was a Chinese laundry on South Broadway?  
Charlie Wau was the operator and it was in the Prohibition era. A Times reporter asked Charlie his opinion. This was his answer:

purpose, chiefly, of deciding upon candidates, who are to give effect, when elected, to principles already sufficiently well understood. Let the Convention beware of too aspiring platform-builders.

BACON AND GREENS.

I have lived long enough to be rarely mistaken,

And had my full share of life's changeable scenes;

But my own woes have been solaced by good greens and bacon,

My own joys have been doubled by bacon and greens.

What a thrill of remembrance e'en now they awaken

Of childhood's gay morning and youth's merry scenes—

When one day we had greens and a plateful of bacon,

And the next we had bacon and a plateful of greens.

Ah! well I remember, when sad and forsaken,

Heart-wrung by the scorn of a miss in her teens,

How I fled from her sight to my loved greens and bacon,

And forgot my despair over bacon and greens.

When the banks refused specie and credit was shaken,

I shared in the wreck, and was ruined in means,

My friends all declared I had not saved my bacon,

But I lived, for I still had my bacon and greens.

If some fairy a grant of three wishes could make one,

So worthless as I and so laden with sins, I'd wish for all the greens in the world and then the bacon,

Then wish for a little more bacon and greens.

Oh! there is a charm in this dish, rightly taken,

Which from custards and jellies an epicure weans:

Stick your fork in the fat, wrap your greens 'round the bacon,

And you'll vow there's no dish like good bacon and greens.

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六個月風  
和利

Lozare Mak

GREENSBURG, IND.

A. R. FORSYTH, President.

G. H. MILLS, Cashier.

Capital Authorized, \$300,000.

Paid in and Surplus.....	\$106,138 96
Circulating Notes.....	89,500 00
Paid Taxes for the year 1867 to	
the General Government...	2,986, 86
State and County Taxes.....	1,210 45
Total,	4,197 21

Pays liberal interest on Deposits for specified times.  
Loans to Depositors at National Bank Rates.  
Pays Interest Coupons of 7-30 Notes at par.  
Buys Government Bonds and Gold Coupons, usually at Cincinnati quotations.

North-east Corner of the Square.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

By Shane & Moore.

A Brick House—8 Rooms!

In good repair: Smoke-House, Cistern, &c.  
It is a half-lot; nice Shrubbery, Fruit Trees, &c. On Jackson street, two squares from the the Public Square. Price \$2,500.

New Brick House—4 Rooms!

Summer Kitchen, Well, Cistern, and Good Walks about the Premises.  
Lot well set with Shrubbery, Fruit Trees, &c. On Walnut street. Price \$1,500.

New Frame House—5 Rooms!

Cistern, Wood-House, and Smoke-House.  
A fine lot, on Walnut st. Price \$2,500.

New Frame House—5 Rooms!

Wood-House, Well, Cistern, &c.  
It is a good Lot: Stone Walks, Shrubbery and Fruit Trees; and all in excellent repair.  
On Taylor street. Price \$2,000.

Lot 20 by 160 Feet!

On West side of the Public Square—an excellent site for a Business House.  
There is an old building on the Lot, renting now for \$200 a year.  
Will be sold at a BARGAIN!

Frame House—6 Rooms!

Wood-House, Well, Cistern, &c., &c.  
It is a "Corner Lot" on Main-Cross street,—a very desirable location for a Residence.  
Price.....\$2,000.





L. C. Russ, Steward.

# HOTEL DEARMOND

GREENSBURG, IND.

James DeArmond, Propr.

2542

## Bill of Fare Saturday, April 15th, 1882.

### SOUP: OATMEAL. ROASTS

Loan of Veal, Stuffed  
Sirloin of Beef.  
Short Ribs of Beef, Brown Gravy.  
**BACON AND FLORIDA CABBAGE,**  
**COLD DISHES.**

Mutton. Beef.

### ENTREES.

Bread Fritters. Wine Sauce of Jelly.  
Irish Stew, Dublin Style.

### VEGETABLES.

Mashed and Boiled Potatoes.  
Tomatoes.  
Corn. Peas

### RELISHES.

Half-d Sauce.  
Cucumber Pickles. Tomato Catsup.  
Radishes. Chow Chow.  
French Mustard. Young Onions

### DESSERT.

California Honey.  
Figs. Raisins.  
Maple Sugar. Jelly.  
**TEA. FRENCH COFFEE. MILK.**  
**CHOCOLATE.**  
**PASTRY.**

Peach Pie.  
Ladies Choice Pudding. Pumpkin Pie.  
Wild Sauce.

### NUTS

Almonds. Filberts. Pecans.

### WINE LIST

Mumny's Extra Dry	50
Siegel's Extra Dry	00
Charet, St. Julien	50
Grover's Catawba	50
Mineral Water	25
Congress Water	25
Pale Sherry	75
Lager Beer	15
McBryer's	20
Glass	20



EXCERPTS from Oscar Miller's Memoirs

I had not been home very long until I began to hear about the great movement that was going on in the gas belt. The boom in the cities of Muncie and Anderson had reached the tidal wave of speculative frenzy. Great additions and subdivisions were being laid out. The speculative spirit had reached a fever heat. I was a little affected myself, but as I had no money in the bank, and the mortgage on my Vine Street houses was still unpaid and was drawing interest like a red hot mustard plaster, of course there was only one thing for me to do, and that was to remain quiet.

My friend, Governor Cumback, had joined in the boom and had lain out the Shadeland Addition in the west part of town. The fever heat was on much worse than when I had visited there the year before. The natural gas was roaring. Some was escaping, and the smell of it was a perfect delight to the speculators, who said it would bring more people to town. Mr. Cumback told me of some religious old fellow who had bought and sold several pieces of property and "pulled down" several thousand dollars, and he was now going about singing, "Oh, I am so glad that Jeasus loves me, loves even me." In fact, the boom excitement seemed to take on a sort of intense fervor to such an extent that everybody wanted to buy a town lot. It was considerably like John Law's "Mississippi Bubble", yet the bubble had not burst, and everybody thought it wasn't going to burst. The big Doxie Hotel was crowded from morning to night, every real estate office in town seemed to be doing a thriving business. I remained in Anderson two or three days and watched the theatrical performance of the land and lot speculators who buzzed around the hotels or on the street corners. Finally I concluded that while this kind of a real estate show was quite interesting, and in some ways instructive, I would move on, I had no money to invest; so why linger around and let all the glorious bargains disappear before my eyes for the want of cash?

But now I want to tell you how I came out. My friend, Governor Cumback, soon after I came back from Kokomo, put a big advertisement in the Greensburg papers that he would take his Greensburg friends in a special car to Anderson and give them a nice day's outing with all expenses paid. The train would leave Greensburg at 9:00 A.M. the following Thursday for the city of Anderson. This was too much for me to resist. The day arrived, and I was ready to go. When I got to the station I saw about seventy-five or one hundred persons eager to go. The special car was well filled. The Governor was a happy host. When we were nearing Anderson he stood facing us and in his rich, sonorous voice said, "My friends, when we arrive there will be good conveyances for all to take you as my guests to dinner at the Flavin Hotel. I want you all to have a good time today." Soon we were all seated in the spacious dining room, and a splendid dinner was served. At the close of the meal Gov. Cumback said he wanted to take us all about the growing city of Anderson. He gave us a very glowing account of how the city was growing and the great possibilities of its future commercial prospects. He took us out to his Shadeland Addition. He was selling lots for \$200.00 per lot, which seemed very reasonable.



Through the very elequant and convincing presentation of the bargains he was offering I concluded to pick out two of the best located lots in the addition according to my best judgement. He made me a deed and an abstract of title, and I gave him my check for \$400.00, which crippled my meager bank account almost to the last cent. But I had joined the crowd and was proud to be classed with the other land and lot speculators. It was my first gamble in real estate for the reason that I had no earthly use for the lots except that I anticipated that the lots would grow in value, and I would "pull down" a big profit. But, to my great surprise and chagrin, the lots got less in value instead of lining my pockets with high profits. The big financial panic was settling down over the country like a wet blanket, and shut out all the joy of anticipated profits. There I was with two lots that could not be sold for love or money, even if I could have put a gold band around them. They could not be sold, so I was in a box. I began to think seriously how I could extricate myself from this very unpleasant dilemma. I tried to sell, but I found that I was only exhausting my energies. Finally I fell upon the plan of trading and swapping the lots off provided I could find some fool who might be a bigger fool than I had turned out to be. Property of all kinds had taken a tumble in values. I heard that a Mrs. Meadows was wanting to sell her property in the town of Kingston and go to Anderson. She was asking \$700.00 for her big, old, ugly home in that small town. I told her I would give her \$600.00 in cash and one of my lots in Anderson for her property. Of course, I would lose \$100.00 in the exchange, but I thought I would have a house that might be worth something after the panic had spent its wild and disastrous destruction of values. So we traded, and I had sweetened the deal with \$600.00 to make the trade go. I soon rented the house for \$4.00 per month, and waited to see what would happen.

Soon after this Kingston deal I met Mr. Phi. Reddington, who had a three-roomed, dilapidated house down in "Irishtown", a suburb of Greensburg. He had been hearing about Anderson, and he told me he would like to sell his property and go there, as he had relatives living there. He said he would take \$450.00 for his house and lot. I told him I would pay him his price if he would take a lot in Anderson for \$100.00 as a part of the consideration. He said he would do it, so it took \$350.00 of my cash to make the deal go. So I lost another \$100.00 on the Anderson lots, and I was getting in debt more and more by trying to get out of a bad deal in the first place. In thinking the matter over I began to think that I was probably a bigger fool than those people with whom I was dealing.

In making these deals I was rapidly overexhausting my money supply; but my friend Samuel Christy, who was then cashier of the Citizens National Bank, had extended any reasonable amount of credit that I might need. I had built up my credit by always being prompt when a note became due to be there ready to pay the note or renew the note and pay the interest. Bankers do not like dilatory or careless creditors. They do not want to be running after borrowers; but if there is any running, they like for the creditors to do it. Louis E. Lathrop of that bank was also a good friend to



me, as will later appear in these memoirs.

But now I am wondering if it might not be interesting to know what became of the Kingston house and the Reddington house. Well, it was simply a waiting game. I had to wait until the fish would bite. It was said at that time that Grover Cleveland loved the old soldiers so much that he went fishing on Decoration Day. But I was fishing and hunting for a different kind of fish or game. I was hunting for buyers to buy these properties. The fishing was not very good, and I had to fish for a long time. But I had much better bait to fish with than two vacant lots in the city of Anderson which was, at that time, busted wide open by the Cleveland Panic. These financial panics happen and recur at intervals of twenty or twenty-five years. This has been the history of the United States. Some of the people who sought lots in the Shadeland Addition blamed Mr. Cumback. But I never thought of such a thing. He showed us the lots. He made no false representations. We bought the lots with our eyes open. We well knew the law of caveat emptor did apply to the sale of lots. But as we all knew we were dealing with an honest man, we had no right to complain. He guaranteed the title but he could not warrant the unknown value of the lots in the future.

In a couple of years or more Mr. Taylor Meek came to me and asked my price for the Kingston property. A sale was soon closed at a consideration of \$1,000.00, and Mr. Meek moved in. As to the Reddington piece, the sale was not so roseate, but I did realize about \$650.00 by selling on easy payments. However, this whole transaction taught me a lesson never to buy when the heat of excitement is on.

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REMINISCENCES prepared by Mrs. E.C. Stimson for the HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
July '33 (?)

At the request of the officers of the Decatur County Historical Society, I am describing some pictures which have been hanging on memories' walls for a long time. I shall not pretend to be entirely accurate always as to dates. In my present state of age, blindness, and weakness, it would not be possible--but perhaps even in this rushing era some one will like to pause a little while and listen how things seemed in the forties, fifties and etc. Hoping to please those who care to listen, I shall begin with the evolution of the Michigan Road. This road may be said to start out of Greensburg at the old court house and jail which stood in the southeast corner of the Court House Park. The long white two story brick Moss house was on the left and just where the road turned south was the low brick black-smith's shop. No more buildings on the left, but where the railroad now crosses was the ancient graveyard. On the right, was the house of the carding machine where wool was made into rolls. I think a log house, then country began. The clay hill on the right was cut down to grade the road as it went into little Sandcreek. There were beach trees growing on either side of the road, and up up up the teams pulled to the top of the hill. More beach trees, only two dwellings on the left--none on the



right but trees trees trees. Clay banks on either side and down another longer hill the team plunged across the waters of Sandcreek, which often reached to the wagon wheel hubs.

Up the high steep hill, then there were several small hills with ravines or brooks to be crossed between. At the end of a mile and a half--a level mile was reached--then more steep hills. Three pairs of them and the sparkling waters of "Cobbs Fork" between the last pair, more little hills, and at the end of four miles, "Slab Town," not a loose stone to be seen. Clay soil every where the beach forrests on either side interspersed with a few homes. It was such an event to come to Greensburg, sitting on a little rocking chair in the big wagon bed to watch the prancing black team plunge through the water, down and up the hills, till the big stream was reached. The team could hardly wait till Father walked out on the wagon tongue, lowered the rein and let them drink to their fill of the clear cold water. But oh! that clay soil. The summer dust was deep and flew in clouds behind every passing wagon, but the worst trouble came with winter rains and freezes. There were at least six mud holes between my home and town, through which it was impossible to draw wagons some times for days. Horse back riding for both men and women was practiced and horses stepped carefully on the road side often emitting a loud sucking sound as they drew their feet from the mud. Then freezing stiffened the ruts, and footprints into hard bumps and travel was rough. Some time in the late forties or early fifties some progressive spirits conceived the idea of using surplus trees to improve the situation, and what had been "corduroy" or whole logs to fill the low swampy places was supplanted by a continuous plank road to lead from Madison to Greensburg. How long this was in building I do not know but it furnished work for hundreds of Irish people, and was stopped unfinished on the hill where what was called "Foley's Lane" came in from the south.

( This REMINISCENCE story will continue in the Spring issue of THE BULLETIN of THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY)

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#### MEMBERSHIPS and MEMORIALS

Historical Society of Decatur County, Inc.  
P.O. Box 163 Greensburg, IN. 47240

Yearly Membership \$5.00

Payable by January 1st.

Life Membership \$100.00

☐ Renewal

☐ New

☐ Gift

☐ Life

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

IF GIFTS: From \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

#### MEMORIALS

In Memory of \_\_\_\_\_ Comments \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

SOCIETY'S OFFICERS

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RR # 4, Greensburg  
Phone: 663-5071  
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HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF  
DECATUR COUNTY, INC.  
P.O. BOX 163  
GREENSBURG, INDIANA 47240

Nonprofit Org.  
U.S. POSTAGE PAID  
Permit No. 53  
Greensburg, IN. 47240

1251-1252  
Mr. & Mrs. Shel Smith  
518 North East  
Greensburg, IN 47240



Vol. 6 , No. 117

Greensburg, Indiana

November 1989

OCCASION: Fall Meeting

BURIED TREASURE by John E. Parker

DATE: Nov. 5, 1989  
2:30 P.M.

PLACE: Presbyterian Church  
side entrance.

PROGRAM: Two quite interesting films will be shown, they are: "Indiana Now & Then and The Automobile-Born in Indiana" and also "The Hoosier Poet" ( a photographic essay on the life of James W. Riley). Be sure and come to see these fine films dealing with the history of Indiana, I'll see you there.

LAST MEETING--a trip to the State Fair to visit the Purdue Univ. Agriculture Museum was undertaken with a very sparse number of members taking part. It is hoped the next meeting on the agenda will bring forth a more representative group of historians.

DUES--I hate to bring the subject up, but are you paid up?

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Decatur Republican, Nov. 13, 1857:  
The court house crawls upward slowly. The masons are working on the east & west towers. The building is already enclosed. The whole performance will probably be completed in the course of 2 or 3 years, more or less. (It did take several more years to finish it up. Ed.)

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Decatur Republican, Sept. 25, 1857:  
Grand Pic-Nic, a grand pic-nic will be held at the Greensburg Medical Spring on Saturday, Oct. 3rd. Particulars next week. Anyone know where the Medical Spring was? (Ed.)

With Pat Smith doing research on the Rothschild Family of Milford, it brought to my mind a story I have heard relating to a farm of eighty three acres that joins the one that I own.

Sometime before the year of 1882, Rothschild owned this farm and there was a rumor that a considerable amount of money was buried near a spring in front of their house. About fifty years later, in the mid 1920's, some of the Rothschild relation came from Chicago, in a large automobile, to search for the money that they had heard was buried there. They used a divining rod that was believed to divine the presence of mineral by dipping sharply downward when held over the treasure. They found no treasure.

A few years later they came again, this time by train to Greensburg, and then they hired a horse and buggy and came out to the farm each day for a week and expanded their search. The next year they came to search again, but this time the owner of the farm, Charles Logan, ran them off and told them to never come back. If they did he said he would have the sheriff put them in jail for trespassing. As far as I know they never came again.

Around 1880, Amos and Margaret Lundy bought the farm and lived there about twenty five years. In 1903, Amos Lundy took his own life near the spring in front of the house. My grandfather, John H. Parker, helped carry his body into his house. He was fifty six years old and his wife died seven months later. Both are buried in South Park Cemetery. A few days before he died he withdrew his money from the bank, telling the banker that he needed the money to buy a farm. In

1903 the average price per acre of this type land was twenty five dollars. To buy a forty acre farm one would need about one thousand dollars. If the banker paid him in gold coins, that one thousand dollars would now be worth more than twenty thousand dollars.

Charles Logan married Ida May Lundy, possibly a cousin of Amos Lundy, and they lived on this farm from the early 1900's to the 1950's. Charles Logan told me several times, that in both of these instances of money being buried on this farm, it is completely false and are only rumors. However, neighbors always said that he would plow as deep as the plow would go in the field near the spring.

For the past few years, one man is still trying to find this money. He uses a metal detector and as far as I know he has not found the treasure. Two years ago he thought that he had hit the jackpot near the spring. After digging, he found a vein of gold, but after he had it analyzed he learned that it was the mineral pyrite better known as fools gold, which is worthless.

In my own opinion, the Rothschild family would not have buried money, as they used their money to make money by loaning it to individuals and by buying land for speculation. As far as the Lundy's go, with a small farm of about fifty acres tillable, I doubt if they could make much money on this farm.

¶ ¶

#### Excerpts--a letter from Philip Deiwirt, Calif.

One hot summer evening as a young lady was walking north in the 300 block on the east side of Franklin Street, she heard a thump coming from a vacant house. She hesitated and there came a couple of more thumps. She hurried on. In a few minutes, two married couples came along in the same direction. They too heard several thumps. One of the men went up and tried the front door while his wife called "Will, come back, it may be dangerous." As the four stood there on the sidewalk, several more people came by. The first show at the KP theater was just getting out. The thumps kept coming at irregular intervals. Several men tried the door and windows. Finally, the sheriff came, hit the door with his shoulder and with some help broke in. Flashlights were being produced, quite a crowd was milling around inside and out. One or two thumps came from the attic. The last one being extra loud with a bit of a rumble. With all of the flashlights it was soon apparent that there was absolutely no access to the attic from whence the thumps had been coming. Everyone became very still, you could feel a chill in the air. Someone whispered "ghosts", and suddenly everybody left. The next day the Indianapolis paper had a front page story about the Ghost House in Greensburg.

Prelude: The afternoon before this, Spud (John Corwin) Hancock and I with time heavy on our hands were snooping in the weeds in the back yard of this house. We climbed on the roof of a lean-to at the back of the house and found a loose board of the gable end. We pried off a couple more boards and got in the attic. We thought about this for a while, then got a plank about a foot wide and six feet long that we layed on the ceiling joists. We securely tied a brick to the end of a chalk line and passed the line through a small hole in the delapidated shingle roof, carried it across the side yard to the south and over a step high up on a telephone pole about sixty feet away and across the alley. We fastened the line at the base of the pole behind a hedge. After dark, with several other boys, we lay on the ground behind the hedge. By pulling on the chalk line we raised the brick and let it drop. "Thump" The wonder was that we all were able to control our giggles. When the house was entered, Spud and I went in with them. One boy was left to make the thumps. He must have pulled too hard on the line. It broke



where it passed through the hole in the roof. When we began to feel the chill in the air we got out of there before anyone noticed us. We rolled up the chalk line and went home. The next day we sneaked in, removed the plank and brick, and made sure that the boards of the gable end were secured with old nails.

¶ ¶

A STAY IN THE HOSPITAL by The "po-ate" Allen Beall

When I passed the great age of sixty two,  
My pipes no longer worked as they used to do.  
After two and more years of stalling around,  
The need to do something did surely abound.  
With insurance card in hand and with fear and trembling,  
I advanced on the hospital where the medics were assembling.  
The very first question that was put to me,  
"Is it all possible you can pay our fee?"  
The green card that I carried allowed me to pass.  
On to the next office with its computer under glass,  
Where a lot more data and info was then collected.  
I was made to feel fortunate to having been selected,  
To becoming one of the inmates of this great institution,  
At the same time permitting the surgeon to fix my constitution.  
Then a great number of xrays and tests that did follow,  
And by this time the victim began to feel quite hollow.  
The next order given by a nurse barely out of school,  
"Hurry and take off those clothes you big clumsy fool."  
There I was all stripped of my fine duds and dignity beside,  
And no one seemed to care that I was wearing only my hide.  
This body with a skimpy gown was then carefully placed  
On a cart and then up the freight elevator we raced.  
Off to a strange little room I had hoped never to see.  
And stranger still some characters in green pajamas that greeted me.  
When their captain issued instructions to that odd looking bunch,  
The victim raised up, "I move for adjournment to lunch."  
Be still you big baby you won't feel a thing.  
This won't hurt at all there is not even a sting.  
With cold hands a large needle was skillfully applied,  
To just above the belt line on my quivering backside.  
The honcho with the harpoon advised me be calm and relax.  
Just then the head executioner called for his dullest axe.  
The subject very groggy and with his vision quite blurred,  
Could only imagine what it meant the sounds that he heard.  
"When are you starting," the poor victim then demanded?  
Shut up you dope this project is already ended.  
You mean it's all over and so soon.  
Why, it's only eleven, an hour before noon.  
The size of the instruments used were quite huge I'll agree.  
They were easily capable of cutting a very great tree.  
Then away to a luxury suite for recovery and rest.  
How naive I was to think this part the best,  
Pills, injections, bloodpressure checks, pumps, and queer apparatus galore.  
All this is necessary and it makes you quite sore.  
It's bedtime at last, "Ah, some relief from being ill."  
"Wake up it's 2:00 a.m. time for your sleeping pill."

Oh, the staff is efficient and the nurses so sweet.  
The dear girls watch over you, but I pity their feet.  
Oh, my fiends, you can snicker at these homely verses,  
But I'll always be grateful for the doctors and nurses,  
And the other fine folks who make this place click.  
They are working so hard to heal those that are sick.  
So in my little book you are all number one.  
A great big thank you for a job well done.

¶ ¶

EXCERPTS from Oscar Miller's Memoirs

During the spring of 1894 the chairman of the Republican Party of our district announced that there would be a mass convention in Greensburg for the purpose of nominating a candidate for U. S. Representative. Our district was, as I remember, at that time composed of the counties of Rush, Decatur, Franklin, Dearborn, Ripley, Jennings, Jefferson, Ohio and Switzerland. This convention was to be held in the very commodious Wigwam, of which I have heretofore mentioned, and fully described in detail. It was then regarded as Greensburg's colosseum - an ideal place to hold a political or public meeting of any kind.

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The Republicans were showing much more interest in this convention than usual. They had been beaten in every election in the district for years by Judge William Holman, a very popular Democrat, who lived at Aurora. Many Republicans and some Democrats were not pleased with the Grover Cleveland Administration, and they thought there might be a chance of electing a Republican. After the dinner hour was over, promptly at 1:30 the large Wigwam was crowded almost to its full capacity, and the big balcony was well filled with spectators. Each delegation and their alternates sat in squads with a large sign set up on a standard, showing the name of the county to which they belonged. This array of signs, with bold letters, was much like the big signs displayed at a National Convention. There was a happy and friendly hum of satisfied voices that pervaded the atmosphere of the entire assembly.

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Some man who was a candidate from Jennings County arose and said, "It is my great pleasure and honor to announce the name of a man who has always been an advocate for good, honest government. He is, and has been all his life, a Republican, and has at all times been a worker and a believer in the principles of the Republican Party. I now have the honor and distinction of naming my friend and co-worker, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of North Vernon as a candidate for U. S. Representative from this district." (Great applause.)

This speech and nomination was soon followed by elequent speeches from delegates from Ripley and Dearborn Counties, announcing that each of these counties had candidates also. Each of the two counties represented offered the names of their candidates in the most elequent encomiums of praise that almost amounted to love and adulation. At each announcement of a candidate a great roar of applause would go forth, so loud and prolonged it would almost make the old Wigwam vibrate in response to the intense enthusiasm.

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He continued his speech, and at every turn when he had made an eloquent recital of the wonderful principles and history of the Republican party and what it had done in the past, and what glorious things it could accomplish in the future, the whole convention would stand up and utter a thunderous applause, and cry out, "Watson, Watson." Finally, as he approached the end of his speech and grew more and more eloquent, and closed his speech with a very impressive peroration, giving in forceful outline the glorious achievements of the Republican party from the time it was founded, the candidates who had been put in nomination all got up and withdrew their names, and moved that the nomination of James E. Watson be unanimously chosen as the nominee of the convention. The motion was enthusiastically carried.

I was sitting next to Mr. John F. Goddard, a well known Republican; and he whispered to me, "Watson got the nomination, which is an empty honor. He can

never be elected." I think about twenty percent of the people at that convention felt the same way. However, it did not turn out that way. Judge Moore also said to me, "Watson's speech was entirely too flowery." He also expressed great doubts as to his election.

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REMINISCENCES continued:

The memorizing of the Bible was one of the tasks. It was a proud day when I stood before the school and repeated the first five chapters of Matthew except the genealogy, and later when the kind hearted jailer made me the proud possessor of a box containing a large plant of purple, blooming aster. My cup of happiness was full. After the morning church services of those days there was social time enjoyed during which those who lived near the meeting house extended friendly invitations to those who had driven farther to come into the nearby homes and share the noon day meal, much of which had been prepared the day before. There were mince or fruit pies, molasses cookies, and fried crulls, (?) loaves of saltrising bread weighing two or three lbs. always ready. Then perhaps there was baked chicken or turkey, or ham. Sometimes this menu was exchanged for one of piping hot corn bread or biscuits and if butchering was just over, there would be fresh sausage or ham with head cheese, and pickle pig's feet. All this topped with hot custard pies. The men sat around the fire place and discussed church and neighborhood news. The children played on the porch or front yard until they were called to set the chairs to the table in the big kitchen where the women visitors had assisted the hostess in lifting the smoking bread, meats, and mashed potatoes and boiling coffee ready for the meal. The preacher had joined one or the other of these dinner parties, his ministerial air and voice were laid aside to take part in the jokes and hearty laughter in the home. During protracted meetings the conducting preachers spent their nights in the nearest home, because they disliked a long open air ride after preaching or a change of beds. For the noon day meal, they went farther away and spent the afternoon calling upon people whom they wanted to talk religion with. The church building had its high boxed pulpit in the front end between the two front doors. Men entered the right hand door, women the left hand. On either side were a few seats paralleling the pulpit on which sat the older brethren or sisters, those who were afflicted with deafness or vociferous piety which they expressed in their loud singing or hearty amens. (alas amen corners have them no more) Midway in the side rows of seats there was a vacant space in which the immense heating stoves with their long pipes gave warmth to the rooms. Between the isles was the double row of seats, against the dividing partition. Much of the neighborhood courting was done in the rear of that room. Side by side against this division sat the lover and his sweetheart.



Another common sight was the father with his boys sitting on one side--the mother with her girls on the other. Often the younger tots became restless and wanted to exchange the lap of the mother for the knee of the father, and the parents made the transfer during the singing of the hymn. It was a trial to the self conscious to walk up the front steps alone and down the long aisle encountering the gaze of the congregation, and sometimes there was waiting outside for a group to collect the boldest of which would go first. Uncurtained windows gave an abundance of day light and often too much sunshine. Four beautiful white fluted columns supported the roof. The ceiling followed the sloping of the roof, and left only about one half of it flat in the center. On the white posts were hung candle holders, also upon the casings of the rear windows, but candle lighting was dim. Five of the preachers who stood in that box pulpit lie in the old burying ground. Some of them were long and some short--the short ones increased their height by standing on a box, so they could read from the open pulpit Bible and be better seen by the congregation. The old building was deserted for the new one, built by the membership miles further out on number "29" and after standing in gloomy emptiness for years it was torn down and its timbers used to construct dwelling houses.

It was a long dusty hot walk for some of the children to attend the summer school at the Clemmons School house, or perhaps another summer school in the old log meeting house down the Madison road. A later summer term of school I attended was in the old Seminary in Greensburg. There was a readjustment of districts in the late fifties. A frame school house was perched on the right hand hill top beyond Sandcreek. Call it the hill of science if you like. One of its teachers certainly was a personality. Disobedience was punished by staying in at recess holding out at arms length a board, being called to the front seat, or standing with the face to the wall. More boys than girls received punishment. Some times the whole school received a high voiced reprimand during which the teacher strode back and forth behind his desk and shook his fists. The smaller pupils in front trembled in their seats, but the larger ones in the back desks shot back blazing glances. The holiday vacation was preceded by a treat.

( This REMINISCENCE story will continue in the Winter issue of THE BULLETIN  
of THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY )






























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In Memory of _____	Comments
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Vol. 6 , No. 117

Greensburg, Indiana

November 1989

OCCASION: Fall Meeting

BURIED TREASURE by John E. Parker

DATE: Nov. 5, 1989  
2:30 P.M.

PLACE: Presbyterian Church  
side entrance.

PROGRAM: Two quite interesting films will be shown, they are: "Indiana Now & Then and The Automobile-Born in Indiana" and also "The Hoosier Poet" ( a photographic essay on the life of James W. Riley). Be sure and come to see these fine films dealing with the history of Indiana, I'll see you there.

LAST MEETING--a trip to the State Fair to visit the Purdue Univ. Agriculture Museum was undertaken with a very sparse number of members taking part. It is hoped the next meeting on the agenda will bring forth a more representative group of historians.

DUES--I hate to bring the subject up, but are you paid up?

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Decatur Republican, Nov. 13, 1857:  
The court house crawls upward slowly. The masons are working on the east & west towers. The building is already enclosed. The whole performance will probably be completed in the course of 2 or 3 years, more or less. (It did take several more years to finish it up. Ed.)

§ § § § § § § § § § § § § § § §

Decatur Republican, Sept. 25, 1857:  
Grand Pic-Nic, a grand pic-nic will be held at the Greensburg Medical Spring on Saturday, Oct. 3rd. Particulars next week. Anyone know where the Medical Spring was? (Ed.)

With Pat Smith doing research on the Rothschild Family of Milford, it brought to my mind a story I have heard relating to a farm of eighty three acres that joins the one that I own.

Sometime before the year of 1882, Rothschild owned this farm and there was a rumor that a considerable amount of money was buried near a spring in front of their house. About fifty years later, in the mid 1920's, some of the Rothschild relation came from Chicago, in a large automobile, to search for the money that they had heard was buried there. They used a divining rod that was believed to divine the presence of mineral by dipping sharply downward when held over the treasure. They found no treasure.

A few years later they came again, this time by train to Greensburg, and then they hired a horse and buggy and came out to the farm each day for a week and expanded their search. The next year they came to search again, but this time the owner of the farm, Charles Logan, ran them off and told them to never come back. If they did he said he would have the sheriff put them in jail for trespassing. As far as I know they never came again.

Around 1880, Amos and Margaret Lundy bought the farm and lived there about twenty five years. In 1903, Amos Lundy took his own life near the spring in front of the house. My grandfather, John H. Parker, helped carry his body into his house. He was fifty six years old and his wife died seven months later. Both are buried in South Park Cemetery. A few days before he died he withdrew his money from the bank, telling the banker that he needed the money to buy a farm. In

1903 the average price per acre of this type land was twenty five dollars. To buy a forty acre farm one would need about one thousand dollars. If the banker paid him in gold coins, that one thousand dollars would now be worth more than twenty thousand dollars.

Charles Logan married Ida May Lundy, possibly a cousin of Amos Lundy, and they lived on this farm from the early 1900's to the 1950's. Charles Logan told me several times, that in both of these instances of money being buried on this farm, it is completely false and are only rumors. However, neighbors always said that he would plow as deep as the plow would go in the field near the spring.

For the past few years, one man is still trying to find this money. He uses a metal detector and as far as I know he has not found the treasure. Two years ago he thought that he had hit the jackpot near the spring. After digging, he found a vein of gold, but after he had it analyzed he learned that it was the mineral pyrite better known as fools gold, which is worthless.

In my own opinion, the Rothschild family would not have buried money, as they used their money to make money by loaning it to individuals and by buying land for speculation. As far as the Lundy's go, with a small farm of about fifty acres tillable, I doubt if they could make much money on this farm.

¶ ¶

#### Excerpts--a letter from Philip Deiwirt, Calif.

One hot summer evening as a young lady was walking north in the 300 block on the east side of Franklin Street, she heard a thump coming from a vacant house. She hesitated and there came a couple of more thumps. She hurried on. In a few minutes, two married couples came along in the same direction. They too heard several thumps. One of the men went up and tried the front door while his wife called "Will, come back, it may be dangerous." As the four stood there on the sidewalk, several more people came by. The first show at the KP theater was just getting out. The thumps kept coming at irregular intervals. Several men tried the door and windows. Finally, the sheriff came, hit the door with his shoulder and with some help broke in. Flashlights were being produced, quite a crowd was milling around inside and out. One or two thumps came from the attic. The last one being extra loud with a bit of a rumble. With all of the flashlights it was soon apparent that there was absolutely no access to the attic from whence the thumps had been coming. Everyone became very still, you could feel a chill in the air. Someone whispered "ghosts", and suddenly everybody left. The next day the Indianapolis paper had a front page story about the Ghost House in Greensburg.

Prelude: The afternoon before this, Spud (John Corwin) Hancock and I with time heavy on our hands were snooping in the weeds in the back yard of this house. We climbed on the roof of a lean-to at the back of the house and found a loose board of the gable end. We pried off a couple more boards and got in the attic. We thought about this for a while, then got a plank about a foot wide and six feet long that we layed on the ceiling joists. We securely tied a brick to the end of a chalk line and passed the line through a small hole in the delapidated shingle roof, carried it across the side yard to the south and over a step high up on a telephone pole about sixty feet away and across the alley. We fastened the line at the base of the pole behind a hedge. After dark, with several other boys, we lay on the ground behind the hedge. By pulling on the chalk line we raised the brick and let it drop. "Thump." The wonder was that we all were able to control our giggles. When the house was entered, Spud and I went in with them. One boy was left to make the thumps. He must have pulled too hard on the line. It broke



where it passed through the hole in the roof. When we began to feel the chill in the air we got out of there before anyone noticed us. We rolled up the chalk line and went home. The next day we sneaked in, removed the plank and brick, and made sure that the boards of the gable end were secured with old nails.

¶ ¶

A STAY IN THE HOSPITAL by The "po-ate" Allen Beall

When I passed the great age of sixty two,  
My pipes no longer worked as they used to do.  
After two and more years of stalling around,  
The need to do something did surely abound.  
With insurance card in hand and with fear and trembling,  
I advanced on the hospital where the medics were assembling.  
The very first question that was put to me,  
"Is it all possible you can pay our fee?"  
The green card that I carried allowed me to pass.  
On to the next office with its computer under glass,  
Where a lot more data and info was then collected.  
I was made to feel fortunate to having been selected,  
To becoming one of the inmates of this great institution,  
At the same time permitting the surgeon to fix my constitution.  
Then a great number of xrays and tests that did follow,  
And by this time the victim began to feel quite hollow.  
The next order given by a nurse barely out of school,  
"Hurry and take off those clothes you big clumsy fool."  
There I was all stripped of my fine duds and dignity beside,  
And no one seemed to care that I was wearing only my hide.  
This body with a skimpy gown was then carefully placed  
On a cart and then up the freight elevator we raced.  
Off to a strange little room I had hoped never to see.  
And stranger still some characters in green pajamas that greeted me.  
When their captain issued instructions to that odd looking bunch,  
The victim raised up, "I move for adjournment to lunch."  
Be still you big baby you won't feel a thing.  
This won't hurt at all there is not even a sting.  
With cold hands a large needle was skillfully applied,  
To just above the belt line on my quivering backside.  
The honcho with the harpoon advised me be calm and relax.  
Just then the head executioner called for his dullest axe.  
The subject very groggy and with his vision quite blurred,  
Could only imagine what it meant the sounds that he heard.  
"When are you starting," the poor victim then demanded?  
Shut up you dope this project is already ended.  
You mean it's all over and so soon.  
Why, it's only eleven, an hour before noon.  
The size of the instruments used were quite huge I'll agree.  
They were easily capable of cutting a very great tree.  
Then away to a luxury suite for recovery and rest.  
How naive I was to think this part the best,  
Pills, injections, bloodpressure checks, pumps, and queer apparatus galore.  
All this is necessary and it makes you quite sore.  
It's bedtime at last, "Ah, some relief from being ill."  
"Wake up it's 2:00 a.m. time for your sleeping pill."

Oh, the staff is efficient and the nurses so sweet.  
The dear girls watch over you, but I pity their feet.  
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The memorizing of the Bible was one of the tasks. It was a proud day when I stood before the school and repeated the first five chapters of Matthew except the genealogy, and later when the kind hearted jailer made me the proud possessor of a box containing a large plant of purple, blooming aster. My cup of happiness was full. After the morning church services of those days there was social time enjoyed during which those who lived near the meeting house extended friendly invitations to those who had driven farther to come into the nearby homes and share the noon day meal, much of which had been prepared the day before. There were mince or fruit pies, molasses cookies, and fried crulls, (?) loaves of saltrising bread weighing two or three lbs. always ready. Then perhaps there was baked chicken or turkey, or ham. Sometimes this menu was exchanged for one of piping hot corn bread or biscuits and if butchering was just over, there would be fresh sausage or ham with head cheese, and pickle pig's feet. All this topped with hot custard pies. The men sat around the fire place and discussed church and neighborhood news. The children played on the porch or front yard untill they were called to set the chairs to the table in the big kitchen where the women visitors had assisted the hostess in lifting the smoking bread, meats, and mashed potatoes and boiling coffee ready for the meal. The preacher had joined one or the other of these dinner parties, his ministerial air and voice were laid aside to take part in the jokes and hearty laughter in the home. During protracted meetings the conducting preachers spent their nights in the nearest home, because they disliked a long open air ride after preaching or a change of beds. For the noon day meal, they went farther away and spent the afternoon calling upon people whom they wanted to talk religion with. The church building had its high boxed pulpit in the front end between the two front doors. Men entered the right hand door, women the left hand. On either side were a few seats paralleling the pulpit on which sat the older brethren or sisters, those who were afflicted with deafness or vociferous piety which they expressed in their loud singing or hearty amens. (alas amen corners have them no more) Midway in the side rows of seats there was a vacant space in which the immense heating stoves with their long pipes gave warmth to the rooms. Between the isles was the double row of seats, against the dividing partition. Much of the neighborhood courting was done in the rear of that room. Side by side against this division sat the lover and his sweetheart.



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P.O. Box 163 Greensburg, IN. 47240

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In Memory of \_\_\_\_\_ Comments \_\_\_\_\_

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BURIED TREASURE by John E. Parker

With Pat Smith doing research on the Rothschild Family of Milford, it brought to my mind a story I have heard relating to a farm of eighty three acres that joins the one that I own.

Sometime before the year of 1882, Rothschild owned this farm and there was a rumor that a considerable amount of money was buried near a spring in front of their house. About fifty years later, in the mid 1920's, some of the Rothschild relation came from Chicago, in a large automobile, to search for the money that they had heard was buried there. They used a divining rod that was believed to divine the presence of mineral by dipping sharply downward when held over the treasure. They found no treasure.

A few years later they came again, this time by train to Greensburg, and then they hired a horse and buggy and came out to the farm each day for a week and expanded their search. The next year they came to search again, but this time the owner of the farm, Charles Logan, ran them off and told them to never come back. If they did he said he would have the sheriff put them in jail for trespassing. As far as I know they never came again.

Around 1880, Amos and Margaret Lundy bought the farm and lived there about twenty five years. In 1903, Amos Lundy took his own life near the spring in front of the house. My grandfather, John H. Parker, helped carry his body into his house. He was fifty six years old and his wife died seven months later. Both are buried in South Park Cemetery. A few days before he died he withdrew his money from the bank, telling the banker that he needed the money to buy a farm. In

1903 the average price per acre of this type land was twenty five dollars. To buy a forty acre farm one would need about one thousand dollars. If the banker paid him in gold coins, that one thousand dollars would now be worth more than twenty thousand dollars.

Charles Logan married Ida May Lundy, possibly a cousin of Amos Lundy, and they lived on this farm from the early 1900's to the 1950's. Charles Logan told me several times, that in both of these instances of money being buried on this farm, it is completely false and are only rumors. However, neighbors always said that he would plow as deep as the plow would go in the field near the spring.

For the past few years, one man is still trying to find this money. He uses a metal detector and as far as I know he has not found the treasure. Two years ago he thought that he had hit the jackpot near the spring. After digging, he found a vein of gold, but after he had it analyzed he learned that it was the mineral pyrite better known as fools gold, which is worthless.

In my own opinion, the Rothschild family would not have buried money, as they used their money to make money by loaning it to individuals and by buying land for speculation. As far as the Lundy's go, with a small farm of about fifty acres tillable, I doubt if they could make much money on this farm.

¶ ¶

#### Excerpts--a letter from Philip Deiwirt, Calif.

One hot summer evening as a young lady was walking north in the 300 block on the east side of Franklin Street, she heard a thump coming from a vacant house. She hesitated and there came a couple of more thumps. She hurried on. In a few minutes, two married couples came along in the same direction. They too heard several thumps. One of the men went up and tried the front door while his wife called "Will, come back, it may be dangerous." As the four stood there on the sidewalk, several more people came by. The first show at the KP theater was just getting out. The thumps kept coming at irregular intervals. Several men tried the door and windows. Finally, the sheriff came, hit the door with his shoulder and with some help broke in. Flashlights were being produced, quite a crowd was milling around inside and out. One or two thumps came from the attic. The last one being extra loud with a bit of a rumble. With all of the flashlights it was soon apparent that there was absolutely no access to the attic from whence the thumps had been coming. Everyone became very still, you could feel a chill in the air. Someone whispered "ghosts", and suddenly everybody left. The next day the Indianapolis paper had a front page story about the Ghost House in Greensburg.

Prelude: The afternoon before this, Spud (John Corwin) Hancock and I with time heavy on our hands were snooping in the weeds in the back yard of this house. We climbed on the roof of a lean-to at the back of the house and found a loose board of the gable end. We pried off a couple more boards and got in the attic. We thought about this for a while, then got a plank about a foot wide and six feet long that we layed on the ceiling joists. We securely tied a brick to the end of a chalk line and passed the line through a small hole in the delapidated shingle roof, carried it across the side yard to the south and over a step high up on a telephone pole about sixty feet away and across the alley. We fastened the line at the base of the pole behind a hedge. After dark, with several other boys, we lay on the ground behind the hedge. By pulling on the chalk line we raised the brick and let it drop. "Thump" The wonder was that we all were able to control our giggles. When the house was entered, Spud and I went in with them. One boy was left to make the thumps. He must have pulled too hard on the line. It broke



where it passed through the hole in the roof. When we began to feel the chill in the air we got out of there before anyone noticed us. We rolled up the chalk line and went home. The next day we sneaked in, removed the plank and brick, and made sure that the boards of the gable end were secured with old nails.

¶ ¶

A STAY IN THE HOSPITAL by The "po-ate" Allen Beall

When I passed the great age of sixty two,  
My pipes no longer worked as they used to do.  
After two and more years of stalling around,  
The need to do something did surely abound.  
With insurance card in hand and with fear and trembling,  
I advanced on the hospital where the medics were assembling.  
The very first question that was put to me,  
"Is it all possible you can pay our fee?"  
The green card that I carried allowed me to pass.  
On to the next office with its computer under glass,  
Where a lot more data and info was then collected.  
I was made to feel fortunate to having been selected,  
To becoming one of the inmates of this great institution,  
At the same time permitting the surgeon to fix my constitution.  
Then a great number of xrays and tests that did follow,  
And by this time the victim began to feel quite hollow.  
The next order given by a nurse barely out of school,  
"Hurry and take off those clothes you big clumsy fool."  
There I was all stripped of my fine duds and dignity beside,  
And no one seemed to care that I was wearing only my hide.  
This body with a skimpy gown was then carefully placed  
On a cart and then up the freight elevator we raced.  
Off to a strange little room I had hoped never to see.  
And stranger still some characters in green pajamas that greeted me.  
When their captain issued instructions to that odd looking bunch,  
The victim raised up, "I move for adjournment to lunch."  
Be still you big baby you won't feel a thing.  
This won't hurt at all there is not even a sting.  
With cold hands a large needle was skillfully applied,  
To just above the belt line on my quivering backside.  
The honcho with the harpoon advised me be calm and relax.  
Just then the head executioner called for his dullest axe.  
The subject very groggy and with his vision quite blurred,  
Could only imagine what it meant the sounds that he heard.  
"When are you starting," the poor victim then demanded?  
Shut up you dope this project is already ended.  
You mean it's all over and so soon.  
Why, it's only eleven, an hour before noon.  
The size of the instruments used were quite huge I'll agree.  
They were easily capable of cutting a very great tree.  
Then away to a luxury suite for recovery and rest.  
How naive I was to think this part the best,  
Pills, injections, bloodpressure checks, pumps, and queer apparatus galore.  
All this is necessary and it makes you quite sore.  
It's bedtime at last, "Ah, some relief from being ill."  
"Wake up it's 2:00 a.m. time for your sleeping pill."

Oh, the staff is efficient and the nurses so sweet.  
The dear girls watch over you, but I pity their feet.  
Oh, my fiends, you can snicker at these homely verses,  
But I'll always be grateful for the doctors and nurses,  
And the other fine folks who make this place click.  
They are working so hard to heal those that are sick.  
So in my little book you are all number one.  
A great big thank you for a job well done.

¶ ¶

EXCERPTS from Oscar Miller's Memoirs

During the spring of 1894 the chairman of the Republican Party of our district announced that there would be a mass convention in Greensburg for the purpose of nominating a candidate for U. S. Representative. Our district was, as I remember, at that time composed of the counties of Rush, Decatur, Franklin, Dearborn, Ripley, Jennings, Jefferson, Ohio and Switzerland. This convention was to be held in the very commodious Wigwam, of which I have heretofore mentioned, and fully described in detail. It was then regarded as Greensburg's colosseum - an ideal place to hold a political or public meeting of any kind.

When the day of the convention arrived, the city of Greensburg began to overflow with politicians from all parts of the compass. There were groups of delegates from each of the counties above mentioned. The DeArmond and Seitz Hotels were swarming with enthusiastic delegates buzzing around, pulling and extolling the fine political qualifications of the candidates who would be presented when the convention was in session. I think that there were on an average of fifteen or twenty delegates, and their alternates from each county so represented, proportioned as to each county's population.

The Republicans were showing much more interest in this convention than usual. They had been beaten in every election in the district for years by Judge William Holman, a very popular Democrat, who lived at Aurora. Many Republicans and some Democrats were not pleased with the Grover Cleveland Administration, and they thought there might be a chance of electing a Republican. After the dinner hour was over, promptly at 1:30 the large Wigwam was crowded almost to its full capacity, and the big balcony was well filled with spectators. Each delegation and their alternates sat in squads with a large sign set up on a standard, showing the name of the county to which they belonged. This array of signs, with bold letters, was much like the big signs displayed at a National Convention. There was a happy and friendly hum of satisfied voices that pervaded the atmosphere of the entire assembly.

By common consent James E. Caskey was chosen to be the chairman of the convention. Mr. Caskey was known throughout the district to be the leader and wheelhorse of the Republican Party in this part of the state, beside which he was a prominent newspaper man. Mr. Caskey called the convention to order. In his short speech he very adroitly announced the purpose of the convention. He appointed a secretary to keep an account of the proceedings of the convention. The press was also well represented by newsmen of the district. Short speeches were made, the tenor of which showed the convention to be a sort of love feast of happy expectations. Then the chairman announced that if there was no further business, the convention may proceed to the announcement of names of candidates, which was done.



Some man who was a candidate from Jennings County arose and said, "It is my great pleasure and honor to announce the name of a man who has always been an advocate for good, honest government. He is, and has been all his life, a Republican, and has at all times been a worker and a believer in the principles of the Republican Party. I now have the honor and distinction of naming my friend and co-worker, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of North Vernon as a candidate for U. S. Representative from this district." (Great applause.)

This speech and nomination was soon followed by elequent speeches from delegates from Ripley and Dearborn Counties, announcing that each of these counties had candidates also. Each of the two counties represented offered the names of their candidates in the most elequent encomiums of praise that almost amounted to love and adulation. At each announcement of a candidate a great roar of applause would go forth, so loud and prolonged it would almost make the old Wigwam vibrate in response to the intense enthusiasm.

The Republicans of that district had been so long shut out of the political councils at the great city of Washington that they had become determined to pick a candidate who would be the winning star in the November election, and that victory would once more be perched on the glorious standards of good government so proudly upheld and belonging to the principles of the G. O. P.

At this point in the program, and before any voting on candidates had commenced, Mr. Caskey said, "Gentlemen of the convention, I have a young lawyer from Rushville, Indiana, who is a good Republican, and I now introduce to you Mr. James E. Watson, who will talk to you about the political issues of the campaign." Watson was standing at the back end of the stage, refusing to speak. Caskey went back to him and took him by the arm and pulled him forward and said, "Now, Jim, you have got to speak." But after a good deal of "horse play", Caskey got Watson to the front of the stage, where he received considerable applause. Watson straightened himself up, licked out his tongue to moisten his lips, and deliberately began a speech. He started off with a few remarks to make it appear as though it was an extemporaneous effort. Soon he launched out into such a flow of eloquence that his entire audience was intensely interested and captivated. As he proceeded in his matchless flow of beautiful and convincing language related to the political issues of the day, he would receive a most thunderous and continued applause. His speech was a most eloquent appeal as to what the voters of the district would have to do in order to win the election. He spoke for about one hour; and before he had gotten more than half through his speech, a large majority of the delegates were crying out: "Watson, Watson, Watson."

He continued his speech, and at every turn when he had made an eloquent recital of the wonderful principles and history of the Republican party and what it had done in the past, and what glorious things it could accomplish in the future, the whole convention would stand up and utter a thunderous applause, and cry out, "Watson, Watson." Finally, as he approached the end of his speech and grew more and more eloquent, and closed his speech with a very impressive peroration, giving in forceful outline the glorious achievements of the Republican party from the time it was founded, the candidates who had been put in nomination all got up and withdrew their names, and moved that the nomination of James E. Watson be unanimously chosen as the nominee of the convention. The motion was enthusiastically carried.

I was sitting next to Mr. John F. Goddard, a well known Republican; and he whispered to me, "Watson got the nomination, which is an empty honor. He can

never be elected." I think about twenty percent of the people at that convention felt the same way. However, it did not turn out that way. Judge Moore also said to me, "Watson's speech was entirely too flowery." He also expressed great doubts as to his election.

Watson says in his memoirs that in that congressional district there was a large number of German voters; and as he had become very familiar with the German language, he put on a pair of wooden shoes and went into the German neighborhoods and made speeches in German. When the votes were counted in November, he had beaten Judge Holman - something that many people said could not be done.

Watson remained in the lower house of Congress for six terms as "Whip" of the House, and then went to the senate and remained there as leader of the Senate until Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected. Mr. Watson was one of my best friends. During the time he was in the Senate, Albert J. Beveridge was also senator from Indiana. I had a very familiar acquaintance with both of these men during their incumbency as senators from Indiana.

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REMINISCENCES continued:

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Vol. 6 , No. 117

Greensburg, Indiana

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#### Excerpts--a letter from Philip Deiwirt, Calif.

One hot summer evening as a young lady was walking north in the 300 block on the east side of Franklin Street, she heard a thump coming from a vacant house. She hesitated and there came a couple of more thumps. She hurried on. In a few minutes, two married couples came along in the same direction. They too heard several thumps. One of the men went up and tried the front door while his wife called "Will, come back, it may be dangerous." As the four stood there on the sidewalk, several more people came by. The first show at the KP theater was just getting out. The thumps kept coming at irregular intervals. Several men tried the door and windows. Finally, the sheriff came, hit the door with his shoulder and with some help broke in. Flashlights were being produced, quite a crowd was milling around inside and out. One or two thumps came from the attic. The last one being extra loud with a bit of a rumble. With all of the flashlights it was soon apparent that there was absolutely no access to the attic from whence the thumps had been coming. Everyone became very still, you could feel a chill in the air. Someone whispered "ghosts", and suddenly everybody left. The next day the Indianapolis paper had a front page story about the Ghost House in Greensburg.

Prelude: The afternoon before this, Spud (John Corwin) Hancock and I with time heavy on our hands were snooping in the weeds in the back yard of this house. We climbed on the roof of a lean-to at the back of the house and found a loose board of the gable end. We pried off a couple more boards and got in the attic. We thought about this for a while, then got a plank about a foot wide and six feet long that we layed on the ceiling joists. We securely tied a brick to the end of a chalk line and passed the line through a small hole in the delapidated shingle roof, carried it across the side yard to the south and over a step high up on a telephone pole about sixty feet away and across the alley. We fastened the line at the base of the pole behind a hedge. After dark, with several other boys, we lay on the ground behind the hedge. By pulling on the chalk line we raised the brick and let it drop. "Thump" The wonder was that we all were able to control our giggles. When the house was entered, Spud and I went in with them. One boy was left to make the thumps. He must have pulled too hard on the line. It broke



where it passed through the hole in the roof. When we began to feel the chill in the air we got out of there before anyone noticed us. We rolled up the chalk line and went home. The next day we sneaked in, removed the plank and brick, and made sure that the boards of the gable end were secured with old nails.

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A STAY IN THE HOSPITAL by The "po-ate" Allen Beall

When I passed the great age of sixty two,  
My pipes no longer worked as they used to do.  
After two and more years of stalling around,  
The need to do something did surely abound.  
With insurance card in hand and with fear and trembling,  
I advanced on the hospital where the medics were assembling.  
The very first question that was put to me,  
"Is it all possible you can pay our fee?"  
The green card that I carried allowed me to pass.  
On to the next office with its computer under glass,  
Where a lot more data and info was then collected.  
I was made to feel fortunate to having been selected,  
To becoming one of the inmates of this great institution,  
At the same time permitting the surgeon to fix my constitution.  
Then a great number of xrays and tests that did follow,  
And by this time the victim began to feel quite hollow.  
The next order given by a nurse barely out of school,  
"Hurry and take off those clothes you big clumsy fool."  
There I was all stripped of my fine duds and dignity beside,  
And no one seemed to care that I was wearing only my hide.  
This body with a skimpy gown was then carefully placed  
On a cart and then up the freight elevator we raced.  
Off to a strange little room I had hoped never to see.  
And stranger still some characters in green pajamas that greeted me.  
When their captain issued instructions to that odd looking bunch,  
The victim raised up, "I move for adjournment to lunch."  
Be still you big baby you won't feel a thing.  
This won't hurt at all there is not even a sting.  
With cold hands a large needle was skillfully applied,  
To just above the belt line on my quivering backside.  
The honcho with the harpoon advised me be calm and relax.  
Just then the head executioner called for his dullest axe.  
The subject very groggy and with his vision quite blurred,  
Could only imagine what it meant the sounds that he heard.  
"When are you starting," the poor victim then demanded?  
Shut up you dope this project is already ended.  
You mean it's all over and so soon.  
Why, it's only eleven, an hour before noon.  
The size of the instruments used were quite huge I'll agree.  
They were easily capable of cutting a very great tree.  
Then away to a luxury suite for recovery and rest.  
How naive I was to think this part the best,  
Pills, injections, bloodpressure checks, pumps, and queer apparatus galore.  
All this is necessary and it makes you quite sore.  
It's bedtime at last, "Ah, some relief from being ill."  
"Wake up it's 2:00 a.m. time for your sleeping pill."

Oh, the staff is efficient and the nurses so sweet.  
The dear girls watch over you, but I pity their feet.  
Oh, my fiends, you can snicker at these homely verses,  
But I'll always be grateful for the doctors and nurses,  
And the other fine folks who make this place click.  
They are working so hard to heal those that are sick.  
So in my little book you are all number one.  
A great big thank you for a job well done.

¶ ¶

EXCERPTS from Oscar Miller's Memoirs

During the spring of 1894 the chairman of the Republican Party of our district announced that there would be a mass convention in Greensburg for the purpose of nominating a candidate for U. S. Representative. Our district was, as I remember, at that time composed of the counties of Rush, Decatur, Franklin, Dearborn, Ripley, Jennings, Jefferson, Ohio and Switzerland. This convention was to be held in the very commodious Wigwam, of which I have heretofore mentioned, and fully described in detail. It was then regarded as Greensburg's colosseum - an ideal place to hold a political or public meeting of any kind.

When the day of the convention arrived, the city of Greensburg began to overflow with politicians from all parts of the compass. There were groups of delegates from each of the counties above mentioned. The DeArmond and Seitz Hotels were swarming with enthusiastic delegates buzzing around, pulling and extolling the fine political qualifications of the candidates who would be presented when the convention was in session. I think that there were on an average of fifteen or twenty delegates, and their alternates from each county so represented, proportioned as to each county's population.

The Republicans were showing much more interest in this convention than usual. They had been beaten in every election in the district for years by Judge William Holman, a very popular Democrat, who lived at Aurora. Many Republicans and some Democrats were not pleased with the Grover Cleveland Administration, and they thought there might be a chance of electing a Republican. After the dinner hour was over, promptly at 1:30 the large Wigwam was crowded almost to its full capacity, and the big balcony was well filled with spectators. Each delegation and their alternates sat in squads with a large sign set up on a standard, showing the name of the county to which they belonged. This array of signs, with bold letters, was much like the big signs displayed at a National Convention. There was a happy and friendly hum of satisfied voices that pervaded the atmosphere of the entire assembly.

By common consent James E. Caskey was chosen to be the chairman of the convention. Mr. Caskey was known throughout the district to be the leader and wheelhorse of the Republican Party in this part of the state, beside which he was a prominent newspaper man. Mr. Caskey called the convention to order. In his short speech he very adroitly announced the purpose of the convention. He appointed a secretary to keep an account of the proceedings of the convention. The press was also well represented by newsmen of the district. Short speeches were made, the tenor of which showed the convention to be a sort of love feast of happy expectations. Then the chairman announced that if there was no further business, the convention may proceed to the announcement of names of candidates, which was done.



Some man who was a candidate from Jennings County arose and said, "It is my great pleasure and honor to announce the name of a man who has always been an advocate for good, honest government. He is, and has been all his life, a Republican, and has at all times been a worker and a believer in the principles of the Republican Party. I now have the honor and distinction of naming my friend and co-worker, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of North Vernon as a candidate for U. S. Representative from this district." (Great applause.)

This speech and nomination was soon followed by elequent speeches from delegates from Ripley and Dearborn Counties, announcing that each of these counties had candidates also. Each of the two counties represented offered the names of their candidates in the most elequent encomiums of praise that almost amounted to love and adulation. At each announcement of a candidate a great roar of applause would go forth, so loud and prolonged it would almost make the old Wigwam vibrate in response to the intense enthusiasm.

The Republicans of that district had been so long shut out of the political councils at the great city of Washington that they had become determined to pick a candidate who would be the winning star in the November election, and that victory would once more be perched on the glorious standards of good government so proudly upheld and belonging to the principles of the G. O. P.

At this point in the program, and before any voting on candidates had commenced, Mr. Caskey said, "Gentlemen of the convention, I have a young lawyer from Rushville, Indiana, who is a good Republican, and I now introduce to you Mr. James E. Watson, who will talk to you about the political issues of the campaign." Watson was standing at the back end of the stage, refusing to speak. Caskey went back to him and took him by the arm and pulled him forward and said, "Now, Jim, you have got to speak." But after a good deal of "horse play", Caskey got Watson to the front of the stage, where he received considerable applause. Watson straightened himself up, licked out his tongue to moisten his lips, and deliberately began a speech. He started off with a few remarks to make it appear as though it was an extemporaneous effort. Soon he launched out into such a flow of eloquence that his entire audience was intensely interested and captivated. As he proceeded in his matchless flow of beautiful and convincing language related to the political issues of the day, he would receive a most thunderous and continued applause. His speech was a most eloquent appeal as to what the voters of the district would have to do in order to win the election. He spoke for about one hour; and before he had gotten more than half through his speech, a large majority of the delegates were crying out: "Watson, Watson, Watson."

He continued his speech, and at every turn when he had made an eloquent recital of the wonderful principles and history of the Republican party and what it had done in the past, and what glorious things it could accomplish in the future, the whole convention would stand up and utter a thunderous applause, and cry out, "Watson, Watson." Finally, as he approached the end of his speech and grew more and more eloquent, and closed his speech with a very impressive peroration, giving in forceful outline the glorious achievements of the Republican party from the time it was founded, the candidates who had been put in nomination all got up and withdrew their names, and moved that the nomination of James E. Watson be unanimously chosen as the nominee of the convention. The motion was enthusiastically carried.

I was sitting next to Mr. John F. Goddard, a well known Republican; and he whispered to me, "Watson got the nomination, which is an empty honor. He can

never be elected." I think about twenty percent of the people at that convention felt the same way. However, it did not turn out that way. Judge Moore also said to me, "Watson's speech was entirely too flowery." He also expressed great doubts as to his election.

Watson says in his memoirs that in that congressional district there was a large number of German voters; and as he had become very familiar with the German language, he put on a pair of wooden shoes and went into the German neighborhoods and made speeches in German. When the votes were counted in November, he had beaten Judge Holman - something that many people said could not be done.

Watson remained in the lower house of Congress for six terms as "Whip" of the House, and then went to the senate and remained there as leader of the Senate until Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected. Mr. Watson was one of my best friends. During the time he was in the Senate, Albert J. Beveridge was also senator from Indiana. I had a very familiar acquaintance with both of these men during their incumbency as senators from Indiana.

¶ ¶

REMINISCENCES continued:

The memorizing of the Bible was one of the tasks. It was a proud day when I stood before the school and repeated the first five chapters of Matthew except the genealogy, and later when the kind hearted jailer me the proud possessor of a box containing a large plant of purple, blooming aster. My cup of happiness was full. After the morning church services of those days there was social time enjoyed during which those who lived near the meeting house extended friendly invitations to those who had driven farther to come into the nearby homes and share the noon day meal, much of which had been prepared the day before. There were mince or fruit pies, molasses cookies, and fried crulls, (?) loaves of saltrising bread weighing two or three lbs. always ready. Then perhaps there was baked chicken or turkey, or ham. Sometimes this menu was exchanged for one of piping hot corn bread or biscuits and if butchering was just over, there would be fresh sausage or ham with head cheese, and pickle pig's feet. All this topped with hot custard pies. The men sat around the fire place and discussed church and neighborhood news. The children played on the porch or front yard untill they were called to set the chairs to the table in the big kitchen where the women visiters had assisted the hostess in lifting the smoking bread, meats, and mashed potatoes and boiling coffee ready for the meal. The preacher had joined one or the other of these dinner parties, his ministerial air and voice were laid aside to take part in the jokes and hearty laughter in the home. During protracted meetings the conducting preachers spent their nights in the nearest home, because they disliked a long open air ride after preaching or a change of beds. For the noon day meal, they went farther away and spent the afternoon calling upon people whom they wanted to talk religion with. The church building had its high boxed pulpit in the front end between the two front doors. Men entered the right hand door, women the left hand. On either side were a few seats paralleling the pulpit on which sat the older brethren or sisters, those who were afflicted with deafness or vociferous piety which they expressed in their loud singing or hearty amens. (alas amen corners have them no more) Midway in the side rows of seats there was a vacant space in which the immense heating stoves with their long pipes gave warmth to the rooms. Between the isles was the double row of seats, against the deviding partition. Much of the neighborhood courting was done in the rear of that room. Side by side against this division sat the lover and his sweetheart.



Another common sight was the father with his boys sitting on one side--the mother with her girls on the other. Often the younger tots became restless and wanted to exchange the lap of the mother for the knee of the father, and the parents made the transfer during the singing of the hymn. It was a trial to the self conscious to walk up the front steps alone and down the long isle encountering the gaze of the congregation, and sometimes there was waiting outside for a group to collect the boldest of which would go first. Uncurtained windows gave an abundance of day light and often too much sunshine. Four beautiful white fluted columns supported the roof. The ceiling followed the sloping of the roof, and left only about one half of it flat in the center. On the white posts were hung candle holders, also upon the casings of the rear windows, but candle lighting was dim. Five of the preachers who stood in that box pulpit lie in the old burying ground. Some of them were long and some short--the short ones increased their height by standing on a box, so they could read from the open pulpit Bible and be better seen by the congregation. The old building was deserted for the new one, built by the membership miles further out on number "29" and after standing in gloomy emptiness for years it was torn down and its timbers used to construct dwelling houses.

It was a long dusty hot walk for some of the children to attend the summer school at the Clemmons School house, or perhaps another summer school in the old log meeting house down the Madison road. A later summer term of school I attended was in the old Seminary in Greensburg. There was a readjustment of districts in the late fifties. A frame school house was perched on the right hand hill top beyond Sandcreek. Call it the hill of science if you like. One of its teachers certainly was a personality. Disobedience was punished by staying in at recess holding out at arms length a board, being called to the front seat, or standing with the face to the wall. More boys than girls received punishment. Some times the whole school received a high voiced reprimand during which the teacher strode back and forth behind his desk and shook his fists. The smaller pupils in front trembled in their seats, but the larger ones in the back desks shot back blazing glances. The holiday vacation was preceded by a treat.

( This REMINISCENCE story will continue in the Winter issue of THE BULLETIN  
of THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY )




























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## MEMORIALS

In Memory of _____	Comments
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2nd. V. Pres.....Readawn Metz  
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Vol. 6 , No. 117

Greensburg, Indiana

November 1989

OCCASION: Fall Meeting

BURIED TREASURE by John E. Parker

DATE: Nov. 5, 1989  
2:30 P.M.

PLACE: Presbyterian Church  
side entrance.

PROGRAM: Two quite interesting films will be shown, they are: "Indiana Now & Then and The Automobile-Born in Indiana" and also "The Hoosier Poet" ( a photographic essay on the life of James W. Riley). Be sure and come to see these fine films dealing with the history of Indiana, I'll see you there.

LAST MEETING--a trip to the State Fair to visit the Purdue Univ. Agriculture Museum was undertaken with a very sparse number of members taking part. It is hoped the next meeting on the agenda will bring forth a more representative group of historians.

DUES--I hate to bring the subject up, but are you paid up?

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Decatur Republican, Nov. 13, 1857:  
The court house crawls upward slowly. The masons are working on the east & west towers. The building is already enclosed. The whole performance will probably be completed in the course of 2 or 3 years, more or less. (It did take several more years to finish it up. Ed.)

§ § § § § § § § § § § § § § § §

Decatur Republican, Sept. 25, 1857:  
Grand Pic-Nic, a grand pic-nic will be held at the Greensburg Medical Spring on Saturday, Oct. 3rd. Particulars next week. Anyone know where the Medical Spring was? (Ed.)

With Pat Smith doing research on the Rothschild Family of Milford, it brought to my mind a story I have heard relating to a farm of eighty three acres that joins the one that I own.

Sometime before the year of 1882, Rothschild owned this farm and there was a rumor that a considerable amount of money was buried near a spring in front of their house. About fifty years later, in the mid 1920's, some of the Rothschild relation came from Chicago, in a large automobile, to search for the money that they had heard was buried there. They used a divining rod that was believed to divine the presence of mineral by dipping sharply downward when held over the treasure. They found no treasure.

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On to the next office with its computer under glass,  
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I was made to feel fortunate to having been selected,  
To becoming one of the inmates of this great institution,  
At the same time permitting the surgeon to fix my constitution.  
Then a great number of xrays and tests that did follow,  
And by this time the victim began to feel quite hollow.  
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And no one seemed to care that I was wearing only my hide.  
This body with a skimpy gown was then carefully placed  
On a cart and then up the freight elevator we raced.  
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And stranger still some characters in green pajamas that greeted me.  
When their captain issued instructions to that odd looking bunch,  
The victim raised up, "I move for adjournment to lunch."  
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How naive I was to think this part the best,  
Pills, injections, bloodpressure checks, pumps, and queer apparatus galore.  
All this is necessary and it makes you quite sore.  
It's bedtime at last, "Ah, some relief from being ill."  
"Wake up it's 2:00 a.m. time for your sleeping pill."

Oh, the staff is efficient and the nurses so sweet.  
The dear girls watch over you, but I pity their feet.  
Oh, my fiends, you can snicker at these homely verses,  
But I'll always be grateful for the doctors and nurses,  
And the other fine folks who make this place click.  
They are working so hard to heal those that are sick.  
So in my little book you are all number one.  
A great big thank you for a job well done.

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Another common sight was the father with his boys sitting on one side--the mother with her girls on the other. Often the younger tots became restless and wanted to exchange the lap of the mother for the knee of the father, and the parents made the transfer during the singing of the hymn. It was a trial to the self conscious to walk up the front steps alone and down the long isle encountering the gaze of the congregation, and sometimes there was waiting outside for a group to collect the boldest of which would go first. Uncurtained windows gave an abundance of day light and often too much sunshine. Four beautiful white fluted columns supported the roof. The ceiling followed the sloping of the roof, and left only about one half of it flat in the center. On the white posts were hung candle holders, also upon the casings of the rear windows, but candle lighting was dim. Five of the preachers who stood in that box pulpit lie in the old burying ground. Some of them were long and some short--the short ones increased their height by standing on a box, so they could read from the open pulpit Bible and be better seen by the congregation. The old building was deserted for the new one, built by the membership miles further out on number "29" and after standing in gloomy emptiness for years it was torn down and its timbers used to construct dwelling houses.

It was a long dusty hot walk for some of the children to attend the summer school at the Clemmons School house, or perhaps another summer school in the old log meeting house down the Madison road. A later summer term of school I attended was in the old Seminary in Greensburg. There was a readjustment of districts in the late fifties. A frame school house was perched on the right hand hill top beyond Sandcreek. Call it the hill of science if you like. One of its teachers certainly was a personality. Disobedience was punished by staying in at recess holding out at arms length a board, being called to the front seat, or standing with the face to the wall. More boys than girls received punishment. Some times the whole school received a high voiced reprimand during which the teacher strode back and forth behind his desk and shook his fists. The smaller pupils in front trembled in their seats, but the larger ones in the back desks shot back blazing glances. The holiday vacation was preceded by a treat.

( This REMINISCENCE story will continue in the Winter issue of THE BULLETIN  
of THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY )






























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## MEMORIALS

In Memory of _____	Comments
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2nd. V. Pres.....Readawn Metz  
Rec. Sec.....Juanita Beall  
Cor. Sec.....Peg Miller  
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Greensburg, IN. 47240

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Vol. 6 , No. 117

Greensburg, Indiana

November 1989

OCCASION: Fall Meeting

DATE: Nov. 5, 1989  
2:30 P.M.

PLACE: Presbyterian Church  
side entrance.

PROGRAM: Two quite interesting films will be shown, they are: "Indiana Now & Then and The Automobile-Born in Indiana" and also "The Hoosier Poet" ( a photographic essay on the life of James W. Riley). Be sure and come to see these fine films dealing with the history of Indiana, I'll see you there.

LAST MEETING--a trip to the State Fair to visit the Purdue Univ. Agriculture Museum was undertaken with a very sparse number of members taking part. It is hoped the next meeting on the agenda will bring forth a more representative group of historians.

DUES--I hate to bring the subject up, but are you paid up?

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Decatur Republican, Nov. 13, 1857:  
The court house crawls upward slowly. The masons are working on the east & west towers. The building is already enclosed. The whole performance will probably be completed in the course of 2 or 3 years, more or less. (It did take several more years to finish it up. Ed.)

§ § § § § § § § § § § § § § § §

Decatur Republican, Sept. 25, 1857:  
Grand Pic-Nic, a grand pic-nic will be held at the Greensburg Medical Spring on Saturday, Oct. 3rd. Particulars next week. Anyone know where the Medical Spring was? (Ed.)

BURIED TREASURE by John E. Parker

With Pat Smith doing research on the Rothschild Family of Milford, it brought to my mind a story I have heard relating to a farm of eighty three acres that joins the one that I own.

Sometime before the year of 1882, Rothschild owned this farm and there was a rumor that a considerable amount of money was buried near a spring in front of their house. About fifty years later, in the mid 1920's, some of the Rothschild relation came from Chicago, in a large automobile, to search for the money that they had heard was buried there. They used a divining rod that was believed to divine the presence of mineral by dipping sharply downward when held over the treasure. They found no treasure.

A few years later they came again, this time by train to Greensburg, and then they hired a horse and buggy and came out to the farm each day for a week and expanded their search. The next year they came to search again, but this time the owner of the farm, Charles Logan, ran them off and told them to never come back. If they did he said he would have the sheriff put them in jail for trespassing. As far as I know they never came again.

Around 1880, Amos and Margaret Lundy bought the farm and lived there about twenty five years. In 1903, Amos Lundy took his own life near the spring in front of the house. My grandfather, John H. Parker, helped carry his body into his house. He was fifty six years old and his wife died seven months later. Both are buried in South Park Cemetery. A few days before he died he withdrew his money from the bank, telling the banker that he needed the money to buy a farm. In

1903 the average price per acre of this type land was twenty five dollars. To buy a forty acre farm one would need about one thousand dollars. If the banker paid him in gold coins, that one thousand dollars would now be worth more than twenty thousand dollars.

Charles Logan married Ida May Lundy, possibly a cousin of Amos Lundy, and they lived on this farm from the early 1900's to the 1950's. Charles Logan told me several times, that in both of these instances of money being buried on this farm, it is completely false and are only rumors. However, neighbors always said that he would plow as deep as the plow would go in the field near the spring.

For the past few years, one man is still trying to find this money. He uses a metal detector and as far as I know he has not found the treasure. Two years ago he thought that he had hit the jackpot near the spring. After digging, he found a vein of gold, but after he had it analyzed he learned that it was the mineral pyrite better known as fools gold, which is worthless.

In my own opinion, the Rothschild family would not have buried money, as they used their money to make money by loaning it to individuals and by buying land for speculation. As far as the Lundy's go, with a small farm of about fifty acres tillable, I doubt if they could make much money on this farm.

¶ ¶

Excerpts--a letter from Philip Deiwirt, Calif.

One hot summer evening as a young lady was walking north in the 300 block on the east side of Franklin Street, she heard a thump coming from a vacant house. She hesitated and there came a couple of more thumps. She hurried on. In a few minutes, two married couples came along in the same direction. They too heard several thumps. One of the men went up and tried the front door while his wife called "Will, come back, it may be dangerous." As the four stood there on the sidewalk, several more people came by. The first show at the KP theater was just getting out. The thumps kept coming at irregular intervals. Several men tried the door and windows. Finally, the sheriff came, hit the door with his shoulder and with some help broke in. Flashlights were being produced, quite a crowd was milling around inside and out. One or two thumps came from the attic. The last one being extra loud with a bit of a rumble. With all of the flashlights it was soon apparent that there was absolutely no access to the attic from whence the thumps had been coming. Everyone became very still, you could feel a chill in the air. Someone whispered "ghosts", and suddenly everybody left. The next day the Indianapolis paper had a front page story about the Ghost House in Greensburg.

Prelude: The afternoon before this, Spud (John Corwin) Hancock and I with time heavy on our hands were snooping in the weeds in the back yard of this house. We climbed on the roof of a lean-to at the back of the house and found a loose board of the gable end. We pried off a couple more boards and got in the attic. We thought about this for a while, then got a plank about a foot wide and six feet long that we layed on the ceiling joists. We securely tied a brick to the end of a chalk line and passed the line through a small hole in the delapidated shingle roof, carried it across the side yard to the south and over a step high up on a telephone pole about sixty feet away and across the alley. We fastened the line at the base of the pole behind a hedge. After dark, with several other boys, we lay on the ground behind the hedge. By pulling on the chalk line we raised the brick and let it drop. "Thump." The wonder was that we all were able to control our giggles. When the house was entered, Spud and I went in with them. One boy was left to make the thumps. He must have pulled too hard on the line. It broke



where it passed through the hole in the roof. When we began to feel the chill in the air we got out of there before anyone noticed us. We rolled up the chalk line and went home. The next day we sneaked in, removed the plank and brick, and made sure that the boards of the gable end were secured with old nails.

¶ ¶

A STAY IN THE HOSPITAL by The "po-ate" Allen Beall

When I passed the great age of sixty two,  
My pipes no longer worked as they used to do.  
After two and more years of stalling around,  
The need to do something did surely abound.  
With insurance card in hand and with fear and trembling,  
I advanced on the hospital where the medics were assembling.  
The very first question that was put to me,  
"Is it all possible you can pay our fee?"  
The green card that I carried allowed me to pass.  
On to the next office with its computer under glass,  
Where a lot more data and info was then collected.  
I was made to feel fortunate to having been selected,  
To becoming one of the inmates of this great institution,  
At the same time permitting the surgeon to fix my constitution.  
Then a great number of xrays and tests that did follow,  
And by this time the victim began to feel quite hollow.  
The next order given by a nurse barely out of school,  
"Hurry and take off those clothes you big clumsy fool."  
There I was all stripped of my fine duds and dignity beside,  
And no one seemed to care that I was wearing only my hide.  
This body with a skimpy gown was then carefully placed  
On a cart and then up the freight elevator we raced.  
Off to a strange little room I had hoped never to see.  
And stranger still some characters in green pajamas that greeted me.  
When their captain issued instructions to that odd looking bunch,  
The victim raised up, "I move for adjournment to lunch."  
Be still you big baby you won't feel a thing.  
This won't hurt at all there is not even a sting.  
With cold hands a large needle was skillfully applied,  
To just above the belt line on my quivering backside.  
The honcho with the harpoon advised me be calm and relax.  
Just then the head executioner called for his dullest axe.  
The subject very groggy and with his vision quite blurred,  
Could only imagine what it meant the sounds that he heard.  
"When are you starting," the poor victim then demanded?  
Shut up you dope this project is already ended.  
You mean it's all over and so soon.  
Why, it's only eleven, an hour before noon.  
The size of the instruments used were quite huge I'll agree.  
They were easily capable of cutting a very great tree.  
Then away to a luxury suite for recovery and rest.  
How naive I was to think this part the best,  
Pills, injections, bloodpressure checks, pumps, and queer apparatus galore.  
All this is necessary and it makes you quite sore.  
It's bedtime at last, "Ah, some relief from being ill."  
"Wake up it's 2:00 a.m. time for your sleeping pill."

Oh, the staff is efficient and the nurses so sweet.  
The dear girls watch over you, but I pity their feet.  
Oh, my fiends, you can snicker at these homely verses,  
But I'll always be grateful for the doctors and nurses,  
And the other fine folks who make this place click.  
They are working so hard to heal those that are sick.  
So in my little book you are all number one.  
A great big thank you for a job well done.

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REMINISCENCES continued:

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Another common sight was the father with his boys sitting on one side--the mother with her girls on the other. Often the younger tots became restless and wanted to exchange the lap of the mother for the knee of the father, and the parents made the transfer during the singing of the hymn. It was a trial to the self conscious to walk up the front steps alone and down the long isle encountering the gaze of the congregation, and sometimes there was waiting outside for a group to collect the boldest of which would go first. Uncurtained windows gave an abundance of day light and often too much sunshine. Four beautiful white fluted columns supported the roof. The ceiling followed the sloping of the roof, and left only about one half of it flat in the center. On the white posts were hung candle holders, also upon the casings of the rear windows, but candle lighting was dim. Five of the preachers who stood in that box pulpit lie in the old burying ground. Some of them were long and some short--the short ones increased their height by standing on a box, so they could read from the open pulpit Bible and be better seen by the congregation. The old building was deserted for the new one, built by the membership miles further out on number "29" and after standing in gloomy emptiness for years it was torn down and its timbers used to construct dwelling houses.

It was a long dusty hot walk for some of the children to attend the summer school at the Clemmons School house, or perhaps another summer school in the old log meeting house down the Madison road. A later summer term of school I attended was in the old Seminary in Greensburg. There was a readjustment of districts in the late fifties. A frame school house was perched on the right hand hill top beyond Sandcreek. Call it the hill of science if you like. One of its teachers certainly was a personality. Disobedience was punished by staying in at recess holding out at arms length a board, being called to the front seat, or standing with the face to the wall. More boys than girls received punishment. Some times the whole school received a high voiced reprimand during which the teacher strode back and forth behind his desk and shook his fists. The smaller pupils in front trembled in their seats, but the larger ones in the back desks shot back blazing glances. The holiday vacation was preceded by a treat.

( This REMINISCENCE story will continue in the Winter issue of THE BULLETIN  
of THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY )

§ §

#### MEMBERSHIPS and MEMORIALS

Historical Society of Decatur County, Inc.  
P.O. Box 163 Greensburg, IN. 47240

Yearly Membership \$5.00  
Life Membership \$100.00

Payable by January 1st.

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After two and more years of stalling around,  
The need to do something did surely abound.  
With insurance card in hand and with fear and trembling,  
I advanced on the hospital where the medics were assembling.  
The very first question that was put to me,  
"Is it all possible you can pay our fee?"  
The green card that I carried allowed me to pass.  
On to the next office with its computer under glass,  
Where a lot more data and info was then collected.  
I was made to feel fortunate to having been selected,  
To becoming one of the inmates of this great institution,  
At the same time permitting the surgeon to fix my constitution.  
Then a great number of xrays and tests that did follow,  
And by this time the victim began to feel quite hollow.  
The next order given by a nurse barely out of school,  
"Hurry and take off those clothes you big clumsy fool."  
There I was all stripped of my fine duds and dignity beside,  
And no one seemed to care that I was wearing only my hide.  
This body with a skimpy gown was then carefully placed  
On a cart and then up the freight elevator we raced.  
Off to a strange little room I had hoped never to see.  
And stranger still some characters in green pajamas that greeted me.  
When their captain issued instructions to that odd looking bunch,  
The victim raised up, "I move for adjournment to lunch."  
Be still you big baby you won't feel a thing.  
This won't hurt at all there is not even a sting.  
With cold hands a large needle was skillfully applied,  
To just above the belt line on my quivering backside.  
The honcho with the harpoon advised me be calm and relax.  
Just then the head executioner called for his dullest axe.  
The subject very groggy and with his vision quite blurred,  
Could only imagine what it meant the sounds that he heard.  
"When are you starting," the poor victim then demanded?  
Shut up you dope this project is already ended.  
You mean it's all over and so soon.  
Why, it's only eleven, an hour before noon.  
The size of the instruments used were quite huge I'll agree.  
They were easily capable of cutting a very great tree.  
Then away to a luxury suite for recovery and rest.  
How naive I was to think this part the best,  
Pills, injections, bloodpressure checks, pumps, and queer apparatus galore.  
All this is necessary and it makes you quite sore.  
It's bedtime at last, "Ah, some relief from being ill."  
"Wake up it's 2:00 a.m. time for your sleeping pill."

Oh, the staff is efficient and the nurses so sweet.  
The dear girls watch over you, but I pity their feet.  
Oh, my fiends, you can snicker at these homely verses,  
But I'll always be grateful for the doctors and nurses,  
And the other fine folks who make this place click.  
They are working so hard to heal those that are sick.  
So in my little book you are all number one.  
A great big thank you for a job well done.

¶ ¶

EXCERPTS from Oscar Miller's Memoirs

During the spring of 1894 the chairman of the Republican Party of our district announced that there would be a mass convention in Greensburg for the purpose of nominating a candidate for U. S. Representative. Our district was, as I remember, at that time composed of the counties of Rush, Decatur, Franklin, Dearborn, Ripley, Jennings, Jefferson, Ohio and Switzerland. This convention was to be held in the very commodious Wigwam, of which I have heretofore mentioned, and fully described in detail. It was then regarded as Greensburg's colosseum - an ideal place to hold a political or public meeting of any kind.

When the day of the convention arrived, the city of Greensburg began to overflow with politicians from all parts of the compass. There were groups of delegates from each of the counties above mentioned. The DeArmond and Seitz Hotels were swarming with enthusiastic delegates buzzing around, pulling and extolling the fine political qualifications of the candidates who would be presented when the convention was in session. I think that there were on an average of fifteen or twenty delegates, and their alternates from each county so represented, proportioned as to each county's population.

The Republicans were showing much more interest in this convention than usual. They had been beaten in every election in the district for years by Judge William Holman, a very popular Democrat, who lived at Aurora. Many Republicans and some Democrats were not pleased with the Grover Cleveland Administration, and they thought there might be a chance of electing a Republican. After the dinner hour was over, promptly at 1:30 the large Wigwam was crowded almost to its full capacity, and the big balcony was well filled with spectators. Each delegation and their alternates sat in squads with a large sign set up on a standard, showing the name of the county to which they belonged. This array of signs, with bold letters, was much like the big signs displayed at a National Convention. There was a happy and friendly hum of satisfied voices that pervaded the atmosphere of the entire assembly.

By common consent James E. Caskey was chosen to be the chairman of the convention. Mr. Caskey was known throughout the district to be the leader and wheelhorse of the Republican Party in this part of the state, beside which he was a prominent newspaper man. Mr. Caskey called the convention to order. In his short speech he very adroitly announced the purpose of the convention. He appointed a secretary to keep an account of the proceedings of the convention. The press was also well represented by newsmen of the district. Short speeches were made, the tenor of which showed the convention to be a sort of love feast of happy expectations. Then the chairman announced that if there was no further business, the convention may proceed to the announcement of names of candidates, which was done.



Some man who was a candidate from Jennings County arose and said, "It is my great pleasure and honor to announce the name of a man who has always been an advocate for good, honest government. He is, and has been all his life, a Republican, and has at all times been a worker and a believer in the principles of the Republican Party. I now have the honor and distinction of naming my friend and co-worker, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of North Vernon as a candidate for U. S. Representative from this district." (Great applause.)

This speech and nomination was soon followed by elequent speeches from delegates from Ripley and Dearborn Counties, announcing that each of these counties had candidates also. Each of the two counties represented offered the names of their candidates in the most elequent encomiums of praise that almost amounted to love and adulation. At each announcement of a candidate a great roar of applause would go forth, so loud and prolonged it would almost make the old Wigwam vibrate in response to the intense enthusiasm.

The Republicans of that district had been so long shut out of the political councils at the great city of Washington that they had become determined to pick a candidate who would be the winning star in the November election, and that victory would once more be perched on the glorious standards of good government so proudly upheld and belonging to the principles of the G. O. P.

At this point in the program, and before any voting on candidates had commenced, Mr. Caskey said, "Gentlemen of the convention, I have a young lawyer from Rushville, Indiana, who is a good Republican, and I now introduce to you Mr. James E. Watson, who will talk to you about the political issues of the campaign." Watson was standing at the back end of the stage, refusing to speak. Caskey went back to him and took him by the arm and pulled him forward and said, "Now, Jim, you have got to speak." But after a good deal of "horse play", Caskey got Watson to the front of the stage, where he received considerable applause. Watson straightened himself up, licked out his tongue to moisten his lips, and deliberately began a speech. He started off with a few remarks to make it appear as though it was an extemporaneous effort. Soon he launched out into such a flow of eloquence that his entire audience was intensely interested and captivated. As he proceeded in his matchless flow of beautiful and convincing language related to the political issues of the day, he would receive a most thunderous and continued applause. His speech was a most eloquent appeal as to what the voters of the district would have to do in order to win the election. He spoke for about one hour; and before he had gotten more than half through his speech, a large majority of the delegates were crying out: "Watson, Watson, Watson."

He continued his speech, and at every turn when he had made an eloquent recital of the wonderful principles and history of the Republican party and what it had done in the past, and what glorious things it could accomplish in the future, the whole convention would stand up and utter a thunderous applause, and cry out, "Watson, Watson." Finally, as he approached the end of his speech and grew more and more eloquent, and closed his speech with a very impressive peroration, giving in forceful outline the glorious achievements of the Republican party from the time it was founded, the candidates who had been put in nomination all got up and withdrew their names, and moved that the nomination of James E. Watson be unanimously chosen as the nominee of the convention. The motion was enthusiastically carried.

I was sitting next to Mr. John F. Goddard, a well known Republican; and he whispered to me, "Watson got the nomination, which is an empty honor. He can

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Shut up you dope this project is already ended.  
You mean it's all over and so soon.  
Why, it's only eleven, an hour before noon.  
The size of the instruments used were quite huge I'll agree.  
They were easily capable of cutting a very great tree.  
Then away to a luxury suite for recovery and rest.  
How naive I was to think this part the best,  
Pills, injections, bloodpressure checks, pumps, and queer apparatus galore.  
All this is necessary and it makes you quite sore.  
It's bedtime at last, "Ah, some relief from being ill."  
"Wake up it's 2:00 a.m. time for your sleeping pill."

Oh, the staff is efficient and the nurses so sweet.  
The dear girls watch over you, but I pity their feet.  
Oh, my fiends, you can snicker at these homely verses,  
But I'll always be grateful for the doctors and nurses,  
And the other fine folks who make this place click.  
They are working so hard to heal those that are sick.  
So in my little book you are all number one.  
A great big thank you for a job well done.

¶ ¶

EXCERPTS from Oscar Miller's Memoirs

During the spring of 1894 the chairman of the Republican Party of our district announced that there would be a mass convention in Greensburg for the purpose of nominating a candidate for U. S. Representative. Our district was, as I remember, at that time composed of the counties of Rush, Decatur, Franklin, Dearborn, Ripley, Jennings, Jefferson, Ohio and Switzerland. This convention was to be held in the very commodious Wigwam, of which I have heretofore mentioned, and fully described in detail. It was then regarded as Greensburg's colosseum - an ideal place to hold a political or public meeting of any kind.

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Some man who was a candidate from Jennings County arose and said, "It is my great pleasure and honor to announce the name of a man who has always been an advocate for good, honest government. He is, and has been all his life, a Republican, and has at all times been a worker and a believer in the principles of the Republican Party. I now have the honor and distinction of naming my friend and co-worker, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of North Vernon as a candidate for U. S. Representative from this district." (Great applause.)

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I was sitting next to Mr. John F. Goddard, a well known Republican; and he whispered to me, "Watson got the nomination, which is an empty honor. He can

never be elected." I think about twenty percent of the people at that convention felt the same way. However, it did not turn out that way. Judge Moore also said to me, "Watson's speech was entirely too flowery." He also expressed great doubts as to his election.

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REMINISCENCES continued:

The memorizing of the Bible was one of the tasks. It was a proud day when I stood before the school and repeated the first five chapters of Matthew except the genealogy, and later when the kind hearted jailer made me the proud possessor of a box containing a large plant of purple, blooming aster. My cup of happiness was full. After the morning church services of those days there was social time enjoyed during which those who lived near the meeting house extended friendly invitations to those who had driven farther to come into the nearby homes and share the noon day meal, much of which had been prepared the day before. There were mince or fruit pies, molasses cookies, and fried crulls, (?) loaves of saltrising bread weighing two or three lbs. always ready. Then perhaps there was baked chicken or turkey, or ham. Sometimes this menu was exchanged for one of piping hot corn bread or biscuits and if butchering was just over, there would be fresh sausage or ham with head cheese, and pickle pig's feet. All this topped with hot custard pies. The men sat around the fire place and discussed church and neighborhood news. The children played on the porch or front yard until they were called to set the chairs to the table in the big kitchen where the women visitors had assisted the hostess in lifting the smoking bread, meats, and mashed potatoes and boiling coffee ready for the meal. The preacher had joined one or the other of these dinner parties, his ministerial air and voice were laid aside to take part in the jokes and hearty laughter in the home. During protracted meetings the conducting preachers spent their nights in the nearest home, because they disliked a long open air ride after preaching or a change of beds. For the noon day meal, they went farther away and spent the afternoon calling upon people whom they wanted to talk religion with. The church building had its high boxed pulpit in the front end between the two front doors. Men entered the right hand door, women the left hand. On either side were a few seats paralleling the pulpit on which sat the older brethren or sisters, those who were afflicted with deafness or vociferous piety which they expressed in their loud singing or hearty amens. (alas amen corners have them no more) Midway in the side rows of seats there was a vacant space in which the immense heating stoves with their long pipes gave warmth to the rooms. Between the isles was the double row of seats, against the dividing partition. Much of the neighborhood courting was done in the rear of that room. Side by side against this division sat the lover and his sweetheart.



Another common sight was the father with his boys sitting on one side--the mother with her girls on the other. Often the younger tots became restless and wanted to exchange the lap of the mother for the knee of the father, and the parents made the transfer during the singing of the hymn. It was a trial to the self conscious to walk up the front steps alone and down the long isle encountering the gaze of the congregation, and sometimes there was waiting outside for a group to collect the boldest of which would go first. Uncurtained windows gave an abundance of day light and often too much sunshine. Four beautiful white fluted columns supported the roof. The ceiling followed the sloping of the roof, and left only about one half of it flat in the center. On the white posts were hung candle holders, also upon the casings of the rear windows, but candle lighting was dim. Five of the preachers who stood in that box pulpit lie in the old burying ground. Some of them were long and some short--the short ones increased their height by standing on a box, so they could read from the open pulpit Bible and be better seen by the congregation. The old building was deserted for the new one, built by the membership miles further out on number "29" and after standing in gloomy emptiness for years it was torn down and its timbers used to construct dwelling houses.

It was a long dusty hot walk for some of the children to attend the summer school at the Clemmons School house, or perhaps another summer school in the old log meeting house down the Madison road. A later summer term of school I attended was in the old Seminary in Greensburg. There was a readjustment of districts in the late fifties. A frame school house was perched on the right hand hill top beyond Sandcreek. Call it the hill of science if you like. One of its teachers certainly was a personality. Disobedience was punished by staying in at recess holding out at arms length a board, being called to the front seat, or standing with the face to the wall. More boys than girls received punishment. Some times the whole school received a high voiced reprimand during which the teacher strode back and forth behind his desk and shook his fists. The smaller pupils in front trembled in their seats, but the larger ones in the back desks shot back blazing glances. The holiday vacation was preceded by a treat.

( This REMINISCENCE story will continue in the Winter issue of THE BULLETIN  
of THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY )























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Historical Society of Decatur County, Inc.  
P.O. Box 163 Greensburg, IN. 47240

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Payable by January 1st.

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## MEMORIALS

In Memory of _____	Comments _____
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2nd. V. Pres.....Readawn Metz  
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COUNTY HISTORIAN

Dale Myers  
663-4370

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OCCASION: Fall Meeting

DATE: Nov. 5, 1989  
2:30 P.M.

PLACE: Presbyterian Church  
side entrance.

PROGRAM: Two quite interesting films will be shown, they are: "Indiana Now & Then and The Automobile-Born in Indiana" and also "The Hoosier Poet" ( a photographic essay on the life of James W. Riley). Be sure and come to see these fine films dealing with the history of Indiana, I'll see you there.

LAST MEETING--a trip to the State Fair to visit the Purdue Univ. Agriculture Museum was undertaken with a very sparse number of members taking part. It is hoped the next meeting on the agenda will bring forth a more representative group of historians.

DUES--I hate to bring the subject up, but are you paid up?

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Decatur Republican, Nov. 13, 1857:  
The court house crawls upward slowly. The masons are working on the east & west towers. The building is already enclosed. The whole performance will probably be completed in the course of 2 or 3 years, more or less. (It did take several more years to finish it up. Ed.)

§ § § § § § § § § § § § § § § §

Decatur Republican, Sept. 25, 1857:  
Grand Pic-Nic, a grand pic-nic will be held at the Greensburg Medical Spring on Saturday, Oct. 3rd. Particulars next week. Anyone know where the Medical Spring was? (Ed.)

BURIED TREASURE by John E. Parker

With Pat Smith doing research on the Rothschild Family of Milford, it brought to my mind a story I have heard relating to a farm of eighty three acres that joins the one that I own.

Sometime before the year of 1882, Rothschild owned this farm and there was a rumor that a considerable amount of money was buried near a spring in front of their house. About fifty years later, in the mid 1920's, some of the Rothschild relation came from Chicago, in a large automobile, to search for the money that they had heard was buried there. They used a divining rod that was believed to divine the presence of mineral by dipping sharply downward when held over the treasure. They found no treasure.

A few years later they came again, this time by train to Greensburg, and then they hired a horse and buggy and came out to the farm each day for a week and expanded their search. The next year they came to search again, but this time the owner of the farm, Charles Logan, ran them off and told them to never come back. If they did he said he would have the sheriff put them in jail for trespassing. As far as I know they never came again.

Around 1880, Amos and Margaret Lundy bought the farm and lived there about twenty five years. In 1903, Amos Lundy took his own life near the spring in front of the house. My grandfather, John H. Parker, helped carry his body into his house. He was fifty six years old and his wife died seven months later. Both are buried in South Park Cemetery. A few days before he died he withdrew his money from the bank, telling the banker that he needed the money to buy a farm. In

1903 the average price per acre of this type land was twenty five dollars. To buy a forty acre farm one would need about one thousand dollars. If the banker paid him in gold coins, that one thousand dollars would now be worth more than twenty thousand dollars.

Charles Logan married Ida May Lundy, possibly a cousin of Amos Lundy, and they lived on this farm from the early 1900's to the 1950's. Charles Logan told me several times, that in both of these instances of money being buried on this farm, it is completely false and are only rumors. However, neighbors always said that he would plow as deep as the plow would go in the field near the spring.

For the past few years, one man is still trying to find this money. He uses a metal detector and as far as I know he has not found the treasure. Two years ago he thought that he had hit the jackpot near the spring. After digging, he found a vein of gold, but after he had it analyzed he learned that it was the mineral pyrite better known as fools gold, which is worthless.

In my own opinion, the Rothschild family would not have buried money, as they used their money to make money by loaning it to individuals and by buying land for speculation. As far as the Lundy's go, with a small farm of about fifty acres tillable, I doubt if they could make much money on this farm.

¶ ¶

Excerpts--a letter from Philip Deiwirt, Calif.

One hot summer evening as a young lady was walking north in the 300 block on the east side of Franklin Street, she heard a thump coming from a vacant house. She hesitated and there came a couple of more thumps. She hurried on. In a few minutes, two married couples came along in the same direction. They too heard several thumps. One of the men went up and tried the front door while his wife called "Will, come back, it may be dangerous." As the four stood there on the sidewalk, several more people came by. The first show at the KP theater was just getting out. The thumps kept coming at irregular intervals. Several men tried the door and windows. Finally, the sheriff came, hit the door with his shoulder and with some help broke in. Flashlights were being produced, quite a crowd was milling around inside and out. One or two thumps came from the attic. The last one being extra loud with a bit of a rumble. With all of the flashlights it was soon apparent that there was absolutely no access to the attic from whence the thumps had been coming. Everyone became very still, you could feel a chill in the air. Someone whispered "ghosts", and suddenly everybody left. The next day the Indianapolis paper had a front page story about the Ghost House in Greensburg.

Prelude: The afternoon before this, Spud (John Corwin) Hancock and I with time heavy on our hands were snooping in the weeds in the back yard of this house. We climbed on the roof of a lean-to at the back of the house and found a loose board of the gable end. We pried off a couple more boards and got in the attic. We thought about this for a while, then got a plank about a foot wide and six feet long that we layed on the ceiling joists. We securely tied a brick to the end of a chalk line and passed the line through a small hole in the delapidated shingle roof, carried it across the side yard to the south and over a step high up on a telephone pole about sixty feet away and across the alley. We fastened the line at the base of the pole behind a hedge. After dark, with several other boys, we lay on the ground behind the hedge. By pulling on the chalk line we raised the brick and let it drop. "Thump." The wonder was that we all were able to control our giggles. When the house was entered, Spud and I went in with them. One boy was left to make the thumps. He must have pulled too hard on the line. It broke



where it passed through the hole in the roof. When we began to feel the chill in the air we got out of there before anyone noticed us. We rolled up the chalk line and went home. The next day we sneaked in, removed the plank and brick, and made sure that the boards of the gable end were secured with old nails.

¶ ¶

A STAY IN THE HOSPITAL by The "po-ate" Allen Beall

When I passed the great age of sixty two,  
My pipes no longer worked as they used to do.  
After two and more years of stalling around,  
The need to do something did surely abound.  
With insurance card in hand and with fear and trembling,  
I advanced on the hospital where the medics were assembling.  
The very first question that was put to me,  
"Is it all possible you can pay our fee?"  
The green card that I carried allowed me to pass.  
On to the next office with its computer under glass,  
Where a lot more data and info was then collected.  
I was made to feel fortunate to having been selected,  
To becoming one of the inmates of this great institution,  
At the same time permitting the surgeon to fix my constitution.  
Then a great number of xrays and tests that did follow,  
And by this time the victim began to feel quite hollow.  
The next order given by a nurse barely out of school,  
"Hurry and take off those clothes you big clumsy fool."  
There I was all stripped of my fine duds and dignity beside,  
And no one seemed to care that I was wearing only my hide.  
This body with a skimpy gown was then carefully placed  
On a cart and then up the freight elevator we raced.  
Off to a strange little room I had hoped never to see.  
And stranger still some characters in green pajamas that greeted me.  
When their captain issued instructions to that odd looking bunch,  
The victim raised up, "I move for adjournment to lunch."  
Be still you big baby you won't feel a thing.  
This won't hurt at all there is not even a sting.  
With cold hands a large needle was skillfully applied,  
To just above the belt line on my quivering backside.  
The honcho with the harpoon advised me be calm and relax.  
Just then the head executioner called for his dullest axe.  
The subject very groggy and with his vision quite blurred,  
Could only imagine what it meant the sounds that he heard.  
"When are you starting," the poor victim then demanded?  
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The memorizing of the Bible was one of the tasks. It was a proud day when I stood before the school and repeated the first five chapters of Matthew except the genealogy, and later when the kind hearted jailer made me the proud possessor of a box containing a large plant of purple, blooming aster. My cup of happiness was full. After the morning church services of those days there was social time enjoyed during which those who lived near the meeting house extended friendly invitations to those who had driven farther to come into the nearby homes and share the noon day meal, much of which had been prepared the day before. There were mince or fruit pies, molasses cookies, and fried crulls, (?) loaves of saltrising bread weighing two or three lbs. always ready. Then perhaps there was baked chicken or turkey, or ham. Sometimes this menu was exchanged for one of piping hot corn bread or biscuits and if butchering was just over, there would be fresh sausage or ham with head cheese, and pickle pig's feet. All this topped with hot custard pies. The men sat around the fire place and discussed church and neighborhood news. The children played on the porch or front yard until they were called to set the chairs to the table in the big kitchen where the women visitors had assisted the hostess in lifting the smoking bread, meats, and mashed potatoes and boiling coffee ready for the meal. The preacher had joined one or the other of these dinner parties, his ministerial air and voice were laid aside to take part in the jokes and hearty laughter in the home. During protracted meetings the conducting preachers spent their nights in the nearest home, because they disliked a long open air ride after preaching or a change of beds. For the noon day meal, they went farther away and spent the afternoon calling upon people whom they wanted to talk religion with. The church building had its high boxed pulpit in the front end between the two front doors. Men entered the right hand door, women the left hand. On either side were a few seats paralleling the pulpit on which sat the older brethren or sisters, those who were afflicted with deafness or voracious piety which they expressed in their loud singing or hearty amens. (alas amen corners have them no more) Midway in the side rows of seats there was a vacant space in which the immense heating stoves with their long pipes gave warmth to the rooms. Between the isles was the double row of seats, against the dividing partition. Much of the neighborhood courting was done in the rear of that room. Side by side against this division sat the lover and his sweetheart.



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P.O. Box 163 Greensburg, IN. 47240

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Greensburg, Indiana

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OCCASION: Fall Meeting

DATE: Nov. 5, 1989  
2:30 P.M.

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BURIED TREASURE by John E. Parker

With Pat Smith doing research on the Rothschild Family of Milford, it brought to my mind a story I have heard relating to a farm of eighty three acres that joins the one that I own.

Sometime before the year of 1882, Rothschild owned this farm and there was a rumor that a considerable amount of money was buried near a spring in front of their house. About fifty years later, in the mid 1920's, some of the Rothschild relation came from Chicago, in a large automobile, to search for the money that they had heard was buried there. They used a divining rod that was believed to divine the presence of mineral by dipping sharply downward when held over the treasure. They found no treasure.

A few years later they came again, this time by train to Greensburg, and then they hired a horse and buggy and came out to the farm each day for a week and expanded their search. The next year they came to search again, but this time the owner of the farm, Charles Logan, ran them off and told them to never come back. If they did he said he would have the sheriff put them in jail for trespassing. As far as I know they never came again.

Around 1880, Amos and Margaret Lundy bought the farm and lived there about twenty five years. In 1903, Amos Lundy took his own life near the spring in front of the house. My grandfather, John H. Parker, helped carry his body into his house. He was fifty six years old and his wife died seven months later. Both are buried in South Park Cemetery. A few days before he died he withdrew his money from the bank, telling the banker that he needed the money to buy a farm. In

1903 the average price per acre of this type land was twenty five dollars. To buy a forty acre farm one would need about one thousand dollars. If the banker paid him in gold coins, that one thousand dollars would now be worth more than twenty thousand dollars.

Charles Logan married Ida May Lundy, possibly a cousin of Amos Lundy, and they lived on this farm from the early 1900's to the 1950's. Charles Logan told me several times, that in both of these instances of money being buried on this farm, it is completely false and are only rumors. However, neighbors always said that he would plow as deep as the plow would go in the field near the spring.

For the past few years, one man is still trying to find this money. He uses a metal detector and as far as I know he has not found the treasure. Two years ago he thought that he had hit the jackpot near the spring. After digging, he found a vein of gold, but after he had it analyzed he learned that it was the mineral pyrite better known as fools gold, which is worthless.

In my own opinion, the Rothschild family would not have buried money, as they used their money to make money by loaning it to individuals and by buying land for speculation. As far as the Lundy's go, with a small farm of about fifty acres tillable, I doubt if they could make much money on this farm.

¶ ¶

Excerpts--a letter from Philip Deiwirt, Calif.

One hot summer evening as a young lady was walking north in the 300 block on the east side of Franklin Street, she heard a thump coming from a vacant house. She hesitated and there came a couple of more thumps. She hurried on. In a few minutes, two married couples came along in the same direction. They too heard several thumps. One of the men went up and tried the front door while his wife called "Will, come back, it may be dangerous." As the four stood there on the sidewalk, several more people came by. The first show at the KP theater was just getting out. The thumps kept coming at irregular intervals. Several men tried the door and windows. Finally, the sheriff came, hit the door with his shoulder and with some help broke in. Flashlights were being produced, quite a crowd was milling around inside and out. One or two thumps came from the attic. The last one being extra loud with a bit of a rumble. With all of the flashlights it was soon apparent that there was absolutely no access to the attic from whence the thumps had been coming. Everyone became very still, you could feel a chill in the air. Someone whispered "ghosts", and suddenly everybody left. The next day the Indianapolis paper had a front page story about the Ghost House in Greensburg.

Prelude: The afternoon before this, Spud (John Corwin) Hancock and I with time heavy on our hands were snooping in the weeds in the back yard of this house. We climbed on the roof of a lean-to at the back of the house and found a loose board of the gable end. We pried off a couple more boards and got in the attic. We thought about this for a while, then got a plank about a foot wide and six feet long that we layed on the ceiling joists. We securely tied a brick to the end of a chalk line and passed the line through a small hole in the delapidated shingle roof, carried it across the side yard to the south and over a step high up on a telephone pole about sixty feet away and across the alley. We fastened the line at the base of the pole behind a hedge. After dark, with several other boys, we lay on the ground behind the hedge. By pulling on the chalk line we raised the brick and let it drop. "Thump" The wonder was that we all were able to control our giggles. When the house was entered, Spud and I went in with them. One boy was left to make the thumps. He must have pulled too hard on the line. It broke



where it passed through the hole in the roof. When we began to feel the chill in the air we got out of there before anyone noticed us. We rolled up the chalk line and went home. The next day we sneaked in, removed the plank and brick, and made sure that the boards of the gable end were secured with old nails.

¶ ¶

A STAY IN THE HOSPITAL by The "po-ate" Allen Beall

When I passed the great age of sixty two,  
My pipes no longer worked as they used to do.  
After two and more years of stalling around,  
The need to do something did surely abound.  
With insurance card in hand and with fear and trembling,  
I advanced on the hospital where the medics were assembling.  
The very first question that was put to me,  
"Is it all possible you can pay our fee?"  
The green card that I carried allowed me to pass.  
On to the next office with its computer under glass,  
Where a lot more data and info was then collected.  
I was made to feel fortunate to having been selected,  
To becoming one of the inmates of this great institution,  
At the same time permitting the surgeon to fix my constitution.  
Then a great number of xrays and tests that did follow,  
And by this time the victim began to feel quite hollow.  
The next order given by a nurse barely out of school,  
"Hurry and take off those clothes you big clumsy fool."  
There I was all stripped of my fine duds and dignity beside,  
And no one seemed to care that I was wearing only my hide.  
This body with a skimpy gown was then carefully placed  
On a cart and then up the freight elevator we raced.  
Off to a strange little room I had hoped never to see.  
And stranger still some characters in green pajamas that greeted me.  
When their captain issued instructions to that odd looking bunch,  
The victim raised up, "I move for adjournment to lunch."  
Be still you big baby you won't feel a thing.  
This won't hurt at all there is not even a sting.  
With cold hands a large needle was skillfully applied,  
To just above the belt line on my quivering backside.  
The honcho with the harpoon advised me be calm and relax.  
Just then the head executioner called for his dullest axe.  
The subject very groggy and with his vision quite blurred,  
Could only imagine what it meant the sounds that he heard.  
"When are you starting," the poor victim then demanded?  
Shut up you dope this project is already ended.  
You mean it's all over and so soon.  
Why, it's only eleven, an hour before noon.  
The size of the instruments used were quite huge I'll agree.  
They were easily capable of cutting a very great tree.  
Then away to a luxury suite for recovery and rest.  
How naive I was to think this part the best,  
Pills, injections, bloodpressure checks, pumps, and queer apparatus galore.  
All this is necessary and it makes you quite sore.  
It's bedtime at last, "Ah, some relief from being ill."  
"Wake up it's 2:00 a.m. time for your sleeping pill."

Oh, the staff is efficient and the nurses so sweet.  
The dear girls watch over you, but I pity their feet.  
Oh, my fiends, you can snicker at these homely verses,  
But I'll always be grateful for the doctors and nurses,  
And the other fine folks who make this place click.  
They are working so hard to heal those that are sick.  
So in my little book you are all number one.  
A great big thank you for a job well done.

¶ ¶

EXCERPTS from Oscar Miller's Memoirs

During the spring of 1894 the chairman of the Republican Party of our district announced that there would be a mass convention in Greensburg for the purpose of nominating a candidate for U. S. Representative. Our district was, as I remember, at that time composed of the counties of Rush, Decatur, Franklin, Dearborn, Ripley, Jennings, Jefferson, Ohio and Switzerland. This convention was to be held in the very commodious Wigwam, of which I have heretofore mentioned, and fully described in detail. It was then regarded as Greensburg's colosseum - an ideal place to hold a political or public meeting of any kind.

When the day of the convention arrived, the city of Greensburg began to overflow with politicians from all parts of the compass. There were groups of delegates from each of the counties above mentioned. The DeArmond and Seitz Hotels were swarming with enthusiastic delegates buzzing around, pulling and extolling the fine political qualifications of the candidates who would be presented when the convention was in session. I think that there were on an average of fifteen or twenty delegates, and their alternates from each county so represented, proportioned as to each county's population.

The Republicans were showing much more interest in this convention than usual. They had been beaten in every election in the district for years by Judge William Holman, a very popular Democrat, who lived at Aurora. Many Republicans and some Democrats were not pleased with the Grover Cleveland Administration, and they thought there might be a chance of electing a Republican. After the dinner hour was over, promptly at 1:30 the large Wigwam was crowded almost to its full capacity, and the big balcony was well filled with spectators. Each delegation and their alternates sat in squads with a large sign set up on a standard, showing the name of the county to which they belonged. This array of signs, with bold letters, was much like the big signs displayed at a National Convention. There was a happy and friendly hum of satisfied voices that pervaded the atmosphere of the entire assembly.

By common consent James E. Caskey was chosen to be the chairman of the convention. Mr. Caskey was known throughout the district to be the leader and wheelhorse of the Republican Party in this part of the state, beside which he was a prominent newspaper man. Mr. Caskey called the convention to order. In his short speech he very adroitly announced the purpose of the convention. He appointed a secretary to keep an account of the proceedings of the convention. The press was also well represented by newsmen of the district. Short speeches were made, the tenor of which showed the convention to be a sort of love feast of happy expectations. Then the chairman announced that if there was no further business, the convention may proceed to the announcement of names of candidates, which was done.



Some man who was a candidate from Jennings County arose and said, "It is my great pleasure and honor to announce the name of a man who has always been an advocate for good, honest government. He is, and has been all his life, a Republican, and has at all times been a worker and a believer in the principles of the Republican Party. I now have the honor and distinction of naming my friend and co-worker, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of North Vernon as a candidate for U. S. Representative from this district." (Great applause.)

This speech and nomination was soon followed by elequent speeches from delegates from Ripley and Dearborn Counties, announcing that each of these counties had candidates also. Each of the two counties represented offered the names of their candidates in the most elequent encomiums of praise that almost amounted to love and adulation. At each announcement of a candidate a great roar of applause would go forth, so loud and prolonged it would almost make the old Wigwam vibrate in response to the intense enthusiasm.

The Republicans of that district had been so long shut out of the political councils at the great city of Washington that they had become determined to pick a candidate who would be the winning star in the November election, and that victory would once more be perched on the glorious standards of good government so proudly upheld and belonging to the principles of the G. O. P.

At this point in the program, and before any voting on candidates had commenced, Mr. Caskey said, "Gentlemen of the convention, I have a young lawyer from Rushville, Indiana, who is a good Republican, and I now introduce to you Mr. James E. Watson, who will talk to you about the political issues of the campaign." Watson was standing at the back end of the stage, refusing to speak. Caskey went back to him and took him by the arm and pulled him forward and said, "Now, Jim, you have got to speak." But after a good deal of "horse play", Caskey got Watson to the front of the stage, where he received considerable applause. Watson straightened himself up, licked out his tongue to moisten his lips, and deliberately began a speech. He started off with a few remarks to make it appear as though it was an extemporaneous effort. Soon he launched out into such a flow of eloquence that his entire audience was intensely interested and captivated. As he proceeded in his matchless flow of beautiful and convincing language related to the political issues of the day, he would receive a most thunderous and continued applause. His speech was a most eloquent appeal as to what the voters of the district would have to do in order to win the election. He spoke for about one hour; and before he had gotten more than half through his speech, a large majority of the delegates were crying out: "Watson, Watson, Watson."

He continued his speech, and at every turn when he had made an eloquent recital of the wonderful principles and history of the Republican party and what it had done in the past, and what glorious things it could accomplish in the future, the whole convention would stand up and utter a thunderous applause, and cry out, "Watson, Watson." Finally, as he approached the end of his speech and grew more and more eloquent, and closed his speech with a very impressive peroration, giving in forceful outline the glorious achievements of the Republican party from the time it was founded, the candidates who had been put in nomination all got up and withdrew their names, and moved that the nomination of James E. Watson be unanimously chosen as the nominee of the convention. The motion was enthusiastically carried.

I was sitting next to Mr. John F. Goddard, a well known Republican; and he whispered to me, "Watson got the nomination, which is an empty honor. He can

never be elected." I think about twenty percent of the people at that convention felt the same way. However, it did not turn out that way. Judge Moore also said to me, "Watson's speech was entirely too flowery." He also expressed great doubts as to his election.

Watson says in his memoirs that in that congressional district there was a large number of German voters; and as he had become very familiar with the German language, he put on a pair of wooden shoes and went into the German neighborhoods and made speeches in German. When the votes were counted in November, he had beaten Judge Holman - something that many people said could not be done.

Watson remained in the lower house of Congress for six terms as "Whip" of the House, and then went to the senate and remained there as leader of the Senate until Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected. Mr. Watson was one of my best friends. During the time he was in the Senate, Albert J. Beveridge was also senator from Indiana. I had a very familiar acquaintance with both of these men during their incumbency as senators from Indiana.

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With Pat Smith doing research on the Rothschild Family of Milford, it brought to my mind a story I have heard relating to a farm of eighty three acres that joins the one that I own.

Sometime before the year of 1882, Rothschild owned this farm and there was a rumor that a considerable amount of money was buried near a spring in front of their house. About fifty years later, in the mid 1920's, some of the Rothschild relation came from Chicago, in a large automobile, to search for the money that they had heard was buried there. They used a divining rod that was believed to divine the presence of mineral by dipping sharply downward when held over the treasure. They found no treasure.

A few years later they came again, this time by train to Greensburg, and then they hired a horse and buggy and came out to the farm each day for a week and expanded their search. The next year they came to search again, but this time the owner of the farm, Charles Logan, ran them off and told them to never come back. If they did he said he would have the sheriff put them in jail for trespassing. As far as I know they never came again.

Around 1880, Amos and Margaret Lundy bought the farm and lived there about twenty five years. In 1903, Amos Lundy took his own life near the spring in front of the house. My grandfather, John H. Parker, helped carry his body into his house. He was fifty six years old and his wife died seven months later. Both are buried in South Park Cemetery. A few days before he died he withdrew his money from the bank, telling the banker that he needed the money to buy a farm. In

1903 the average price per acre of this type land was twenty five dollars. To buy a forty acre farm one would need about one thousand dollars. If the banker paid him in gold coins, that one thousand dollars would now be worth more than twenty thousand dollars.

Charles Logan married Ida May Lundy, possibly a cousin of Amos Lundy, and they lived on this farm from the early 1900's to the 1950's. Charles Logan told me several times, that in both of these instances of money being buried on this farm, it is completely false and are only rumors. However, neighbors always said that he would plow as deep as the plow would go in the field near the spring.

For the past few years, one man is still trying to find this money. He uses a metal detector and as far as I know he has not found the treasure. Two years ago he thought that he had hit the jackpot near the spring. After digging, he found a vein of gold, but after he had it analyzed he learned that it was the mineral pyrite better known as fools gold, which is worthless.

In my own opinion, the Rothschild family would not have buried money, as they used their money to make money by loaning it to individuals and by buying land for speculation. As far as the Lundy's go, with a small farm of about fifty acres tillable, I doubt if they could make much money on this farm.

¶ ¶

#### Excerpts--a letter from Philip Deiwirt, Calif.

One hot summer evening as a young lady was walking north in the 300 block on the east side of Franklin Street, she heard a thump coming from a vacant house. She hesitated and there came a couple of more thumps. She hurried on. In a few minutes, two married couples came along in the same direction. They too heard several thumps. One of the men went up and tried the front door while his wife called "Will, come back, it may be dangerous." As the four stood there on the sidewalk, several more people came by. The first show at the KP theater was just getting out. The thumps kept coming at irregular intervals. Several men tried the door and windows. Finally, the sheriff came, hit the door with his shoulder and with some help broke in. Flashlights were being produced, quite a crowd was milling around inside and out. One or two thumps came from the attic. The last one being extra loud with a bit of a rumble. With all of the flashlights it was soon apparent that there was absolutely no access to the attic from whence the thumps had been coming. Everyone became very still, you could feel a chill in the air. Someone whispered "ghosts", and suddenly everybody left. The next day the Indianapolis paper had a front page story about the Ghost House in Greensburg.

Prelude: The afternoon before this, Spud (John Corwin) Hancock and I with time heavy on our hands were snooping in the weeds in the back yard of this house. We climbed on the roof of a lean-to at the back of the house and found a loose board of the gable end. We pried off a couple more boards and got in the attic. We thought about this for a while, then got a plank about a foot wide and six feet long that we layed on the ceiling joists. We securely tied a brick to the end of a chalk line and passed the line through a small hole in the delapidated shingle roof, carried it across the side yard to the south and over a step high up on a telephone pole about sixty feet away and across the alley. We fastened the line at the base of the pole behind a hedge. After dark, with several other boys, we lay on the ground behind the hedge. By pulling on the chalk line we raised the brick and let it drop. "Thump" The wonder was that we all were able to control our giggles. When the house was entered, Spud and I went in with them. One boy was left to make the thumps. He must have pulled too hard on the line. It broke



where it passed through the hole in the roof. When we began to feel the chill in the air we got out of there before anyone noticed us. We rolled up the chalk line and went home. The next day we sneaked in, removed the plank and brick, and made sure that the boards of the gable end were secured with old nails.

¶ ¶

A STAY IN THE HOSPITAL by The "po-ate" Allen Beall

When I passed the great age of sixty two,  
My pipes no longer worked as they used to do.  
After two and more years of stalling around,  
The need to do something did surely abound.  
With insurance card in hand and with fear and trembling,  
I advanced on the hospital where the medics were assembling.  
The very first question that was put to me,  
"Is it all possible you can pay our fee?"  
The green card that I carried allowed me to pass.  
On to the next office with its computer under glass,  
Where a lot more data and info was then collected.  
I was made to feel fortunate to having been selected,  
To becoming one of the inmates of this great institution,  
At the same time permitting the surgeon to fix my constitution.  
Then a great number of xrays and tests that did follow,  
And by this time the victim began to feel quite hollow.  
The next order given by a nurse barely out of school,  
"Hurry and take off those clothes you big clumsy fool."  
There I was all stripped of my fine duds and dignity beside,  
And no one seemed to care that I was wearing only my hide.  
This body with a skimpy gown was then carefully placed  
On a cart and then up the freight elevator we raced.  
Off to a strange little room I had hoped never to see.  
And stranger still some characters in green pajamas that greeted me.  
When their captain issued instructions to that odd looking bunch,  
The victim raised up, "I move for adjournment to lunch."  
Be still you big baby you won't feel a thing.  
This won't hurt at all there is not even a sting.  
With cold hands a large needle was skillfully applied,  
To just above the belt line on my quivering backside.  
The honcho with the harpoon advised me be calm and relax.  
Just then the head executioner called for his dullest axe.  
The subject very groggy and with his vision quite blurred,  
Could only imagine what it meant the sounds that he heard.  
"When are you starting," the poor victim then demanded?  
Shut up you dope this project is already ended.  
You mean it's all over and so soon.  
Why, it's only eleven, an hour before noon.  
The size of the instruments used were quite huge I'll agree.  
They were easily capable of cutting a very great tree.  
Then away to a luxury suite for recovery and rest.  
How naive I was to think this part the best,  
Pills, injections, bloodpressure checks, pumps, and queer apparatus galore.  
All this is necessary and it makes you quite sore.  
It's bedtime at last, "Ah, some relief from being ill."  
"Wake up it's 2:00 a.m. time for your sleeping pill."

Oh, the staff is efficient and the nurses so sweet.  
The dear girls watch over you, but I pity their feet.  
Oh, my fiends, you can snicker at these homely verses,  
But I'll always be grateful for the doctors and nurses,  
And the other fine folks who make this place click.  
They are working so hard to heal those that are sick.  
So in my little book you are all number one.  
A great big thank you for a job well done.

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EXCERPTS from Oscar Miller's Memoirs

During the spring of 1894 the chairman of the Republican Party of our district announced that there would be a mass convention in Greensburg for the purpose of nominating a candidate for U. S. Representative. Our district was, as I remember, at that time composed of the counties of Rush, Decatur, Franklin, Dearborn, Ripley, Jennings, Jefferson, Ohio and Switzerland. This convention was to be held in the very commodious Wigwam, of which I have heretofore mentioned, and fully described in detail. It was then regarded as Greensburg's colosseum - an ideal place to hold a political or public meeting of any kind.

When the day of the convention arrived, the city of Greensburg began to overflow with politicians from all parts of the compass. There were groups of delegates from each of the counties above mentioned. The DeArmond and Seitz Hotels were swarming with enthusiastic delegates buzzing around, pulling and extolling the fine political qualifications of the candidates who would be presented when the convention was in session. I think that there were on an average of fifteen or twenty delegates, and their alternates from each county so represented, proportioned as to each county's population.

The Republicans were showing much more interest in this convention than usual. They had been beaten in every election in the district for years by Judge William Holman, a very popular Democrat, who lived at Aurora. Many Republicans and some Democrats were not pleased with the Grover Cleveland Administration, and they thought there might be a chance of electing a Republican. After the dinner hour was over, promptly at 1:30 the large Wigwam was crowded almost to its full capacity, and the big balcony was well filled with spectators. Each delegation and their alternates sat in squads with a large sign set up on a standard, showing the name of the county to which they belonged. This array of signs, with bold letters, was much like the big signs displayed at a National Convention. There was a happy and friendly hum of satisfied voices that pervaded the atmosphere of the entire assembly.

By common consent James E. Caskey was chosen to be the chairman of the convention. Mr. Caskey was known throughout the district to be the leader and wheelhorse of the Republican Party in this part of the state, beside which he was a prominent newspaper man. Mr. Caskey called the convention to order. In his short speech he very adroitly announced the purpose of the convention. He appointed a secretary to keep an account of the proceedings of the convention. The press was also well represented by newsmen of the district. Short speeches were made, the tenor of which showed the convention to be a sort of love feast of happy expectations. Then the chairman announced that if there was no further business, the convention may proceed to the announcement of names of candidates, which was done.



Some man who was a candidate from Jennings County arose and said, "It is my great pleasure and honor to announce the name of a man who has always been an advocate for good, honest government. He is, and has been all his life, a Republican, and has at all times been a worker and a believer in the principles of the Republican Party. I now have the honor and distinction of naming my friend and co-worker, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of North Vernon as a candidate for U. S. Representative from this district." (Great applause.)

This speech and nomination was soon followed by elequent speeches from delegates from Ripley and Dearborn Counties, announcing that each of these counties had candidates also. Each of the two counties represented offered the names of their candidates in the most elequent encomiums of praise that almost amounted to love and adulation. At each announcement of a candidate a great roar of applause would go forth, so loud and prolonged it would almost make the old Wigwam vibrate in response to the intense enthusiasm.

The Republicans of that district had been so long shut out of the political councils at the great city of Washington that they had become determined to pick a candidate who would be the winning star in the November election, and that victory would once more be perched on the glorious standards of good government so proudly upheld and belonging to the principles of the G. O. P.

At this point in the program, and before any voting on candidates had commenced, Mr. Caskey said, "Gentlemen of the convention, I have a young lawyer from Rushville, Indiana, who is a good Republican, and I now introduce to you Mr. James E. Watson, who will talk to you about the political issues of the campaign." Watson was standing at the back end of the stage, refusing to speak. Caskey went back to him and took him by the arm and pulled him forward and said, "Now, Jim, you have got to speak." But after a good deal of "horse play", Caskey got Watson to the front of the stage, where he received considerable applause. Watson straightened himself up, licked out his tongue to moisten his lips, and deliberately began a speech. He started off with a few remarks to make it appear as though it was an extemporaneous effort. Soon he launched out into such a flow of eloquence that his entire audience was intensely interested and captivated. As he proceeded in his matchless flow of beautiful and convincing language related to the political issues of the day, he would receive a most thunderous and continued applause. His speech was a most eloquent appeal as to what the voters of the district would have to do in order to win the election. He spoke for about one hour; and before he had gotten more than half through his speech, a large majority of the delegates were crying out: "Watson, Watson, Watson."

He continued his speech, and at every turn when he had made an eloquent recital of the wonderful principles and history of the Republican party and what it had done in the past, and what glorious things it could accomplish in the future, the whole convention would stand up and utter a thunderous applause, and cry out, "Watson, Watson." Finally, as he approached the end of his speech and grew more and more eloquent, and closed his speech with a very impressive peroration, giving in forceful outline the glorious achievements of the Republican party from the time it was founded, the candidates who had been put in nomination all got up and withdrew their names, and moved that the nomination of James E. Watson be unanimously chosen as the nominee of the convention. The motion was enthusiastically carried.

I was sitting next to Mr. John F. Goddard, a well known Republican; and he whispered to me, "Watson got the nomination, which is an empty honor. He can

never be elected." I think about twenty percent of the people at that convention felt the same way. However, it did not turn out that way. Judge Moore also said to me, "Watson's speech was entirely too flowery." He also expressed great doubts as to his election.

Watson says in his memoirs that in that congressional district there was a large number of German voters; and as he had become very familiar with the German language, he put on a pair of wooden shoes and went into the German neighborhoods and made speeches in German. When the votes were counted in November, he had beaten Judge Holman - something that many people said could not be done.

Watson remained in the lower house of Congress for six terms as "Whip" of the House, and then went to the senate and remained there as leader of the Senate until Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected. Mr. Watson was one of my best friends. During the time he was in the Senate, Albert J. Beveridge was also senator from Indiana. I had a very familiar acquaintance with both of these men during their incumbency as senators from Indiana.

¶ ¶

REMINISCENCES continued:

The memorizing of the Bible was one of the tasks. It was a proud day when I stood before the school and repeated the first five chapters of Matthew except the genealogy, and later when the kind hearted jailer made me the proud possessor of a box containing a large plant of purple, blooming aster. My cup of happiness was full. After the morning church services of those days there was social time enjoyed during which those who lived near the meeting house extended friendly invitations to those who had driven farther to come into the nearby homes and share the noon day meal, much of which had been prepared the day before. There were mince or fruit pies, molasses cookies, and fried crulls, (?) loaves of saltrising bread weighing two or three lbs. always ready. Then perhaps there was baked chicken or turkey, or ham. Sometimes this menu was exchanged for one of piping hot corn bread or biscuits and if butchering was just over, there would be fresh sausage or ham with head cheese, and pickle pig's feet. All this topped with hot custard pies. The men sat around the fire place and discussed church and neighborhood news. The children played on the porch or front yard until they were called to set the chairs to the table in the big kitchen where the women visitors had assisted the hostess in lifting the smoking bread, meats, and mashed potatoes and boiling coffee ready for the meal. The preacher had joined one or the other of these dinner parties, his ministerial air and voice were laid aside to take part in the jokes and hearty laughter in the home. During protracted meetings the conducting preachers spent their nights in the nearest home, because they disliked a long open air ride after preaching or a change of beds. For the noon day meal, they went farther away and spent the afternoon calling upon people whom they wanted to talk religion with. The church building had its high boxed pulpit in the front end between the two front doors. Men entered the right hand door, women the left hand. On either side were a few seats paralleling the pulpit on which sat the older brethren or sisters, those who were afflicted with deafness or vociferous piety which they expressed in their loud singing or hearty amens. (alas amen corners have them no more) Midway in the side rows of seats there was a vacant space in which the immense heating stoves with their long pipes gave warmth to the rooms. Between the isles was the double row of seats, against the dividing partition. Much of the neighborhood courting was done in the rear of that room. Side by side against this division sat the lover and his sweetheart.



Another common sight was the father with his boys sitting on one side--the mother with her girls on the other. Often the younger tots became restless and wanted to exchange the lap of the mother for the knee of the father, and the parents made the transfer during the singing of the hymn. It was a trial to the self conscious to walk up the front steps alone and down the long isle encountering the gaze of the congregation, and sometimes there was waiting outside for a group to collect the boldest of which would go first. Uncurtained windows gave an abundance of day light and often too much sunshine. Four beautiful white fluted columns supported the roof. The ceiling followed the sloping of the roof, and left only about one half of it flat in the center. On the white posts were hung candle holders, also upon the casings of the rear windows, but candle lighting was dim. Five of the preachers who stood in that box pulpit lie in the old burying ground. Some of them were long and some short--the short ones increased their height by standing on a box, so they could read from the open pulpit Bible and be better seen by the congregation. The old building was deserted for the new one, built by the membership miles further out on number "29" and after standing in gloomy emptiness for years it was torn down and its timbers used to construct dwelling houses.

It was a long dusty hot walk for some of the children to attend the summer school at the Clemmons School house, or perhaps another summer school in the old log meeting house down the Madison road. A later summer term of school I attended was in the old Seminary in Greensburg. There was a readjustment of districts in the late fifties. A frame school house was perched on the right hand hill top beyond Sandcreek. Call it the hill of science if you like. One of its teachers certainly was a personality. Disobedience was punished by staying in at recess holding out at arms length a board, being called to the front seat, or standing with the face to the wall. More boys than girls received punishment. Some times the whole school received a high voiced reprimand during which the teacher strode back and forth behind his desk and shook his fists. The smaller pupils in front trembled in their seats, but the larger ones in the back desks shot back blazing glances. The holiday vacation was preceded by a treat.

( This REMINISCENCE story will continue in the Winter issue of THE BULLETIN  
of THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY )























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